

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

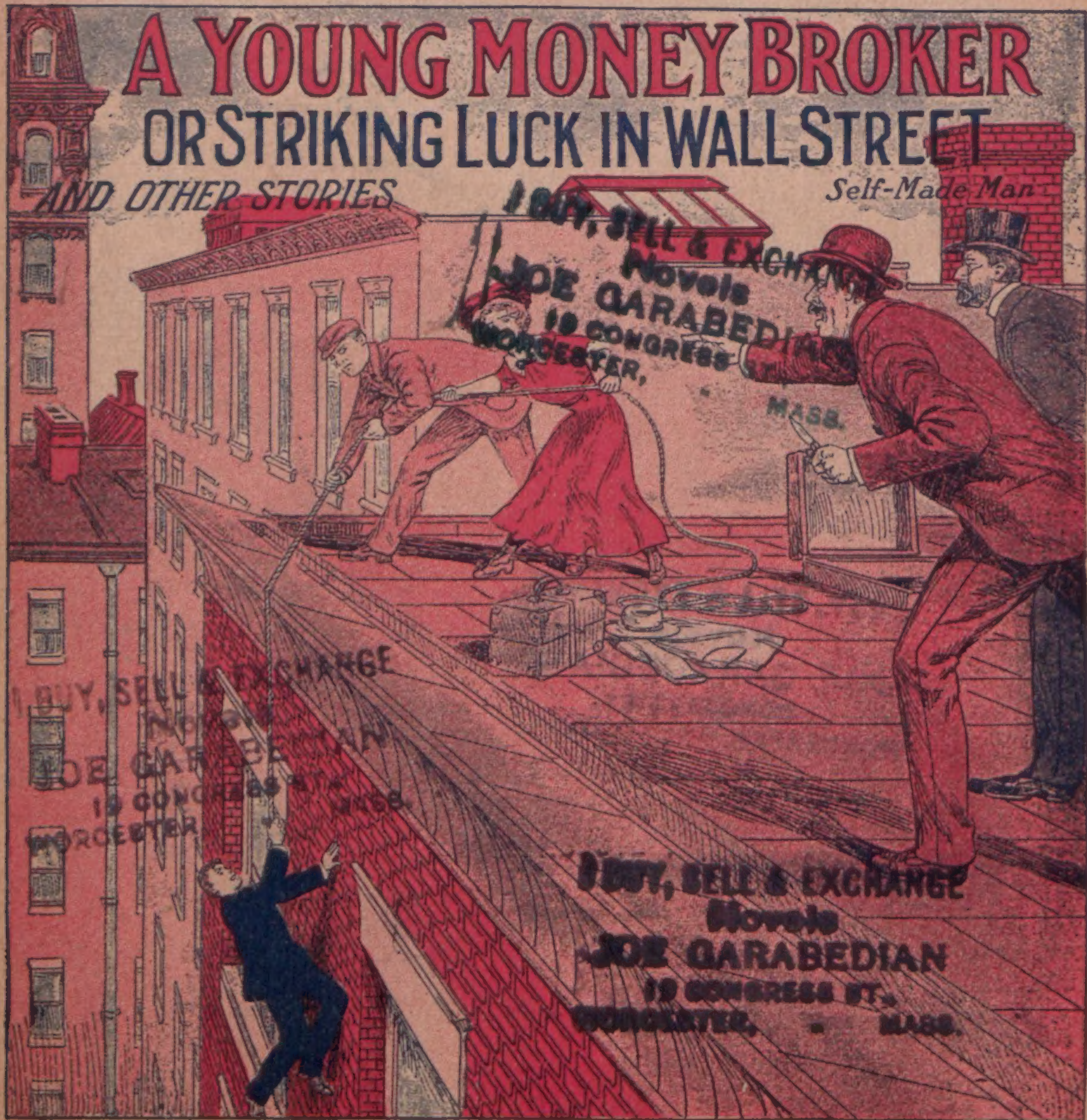
JOE GARABEDIAN
STORIES OF

BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A YOUNG MONEY BROKER OR STRIKING LUCK IN WALL STREET

AND OTHER STORIES

Self-Made Man



"Hold tight, Tom, and don't struggle. We'll have you up in a minute," cried Dan. At that moment, two men appeared on the roof and rushed at Dan and Jenny. The knife in the hands of one was suggestive of his purpose.

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Novels
JOE GARABEDIAN
19 CONGRESS ST.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

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A Young Money Broker

Novels
JOE GARABEDIAN LUCK IN WALL STREET
19 CONGRESS ST. BY A SELF-MADE MAN WORCESTER, MASS.

CHAPTER I.—The Mystery of the Shattered Window.

"You wait here, Dan; I won't be over five minutes," said Tom Taylor, starting across the street toward the entrance of a bachelor apartment house on Park avenue.

It was eleven o'clock at night and the thoroughfare was deserted. Not a light appeared in any of the windows of the building, nor, for that matter, in the windows of any of the neighboring houses. Tom had got halfway across when the silence of the night was broken in a startling way. Crash! One of the windows on the third floor of the apartment house was splintered into fragments, and a shower of broken glass descended into the narrow areaway which was inclosed within a tall iron fence.

Something small and heavy hit the ground at the boy's feet as he stopped in astonishment and looked up at the window. Through the broken window came a large, white cat, with a great daub of red on its furry coat. It stood for a moment in the reflection of the street electric lamp, and then sprang over on the sill of the next window. There it crouched down, with its tail standing up and all puffed out to twice its ordinary size. Nothing more happened.

"Good gracious! What does that mean?" cried Tom. "And it's Mr. Gregory's apartment, too. That's the old man's favorite—a prize-winner at the Cat Show. Why, he thinks more of that cat than anything else in the world. He wouldn't frighten it for anything. What in thunder is that big red patch on the cat's side? How could he have got that on his fur? There isn't a single gleam of light in the room, either. I wonder what was thrown at the cat? It fell here somewhere."

Tom looked on the ground for the missile as Dan Bryant, his companion, came up to him. He picked up a little stone Chinese mandarin—one of the curious ornaments he knew that Mr. Gregory, the Wall Street money broker, for whom Tom was chief clerk, had displayed around his sitting room. Tom showed Dan the little stone image, which was of a dirty yellow color, with a shiny surface, and had a peculiar odor about it that indicated its Chinese origin.

At that moment the iron-grilled outer door of the apartment house opened and the head and face of a man, with a reddish beard, peered out. He caught sight of the two boys in the middle of the street and disappeared. Though the bearded

face was only visible at the door for a quarter of a minute, it had not escaped Tom's sharp eyes. He knew it wasn't the face of the janitor, for he had visited the apartment house often enough to be on speaking terms with that individual, who was a Hibernian with a smooth face. It might have been a tenant, who had been aroused by the crash of the window, and, being unable to place the sound exactly, had come to the door to investigate.

Merely sticking his head out of the door and withdrawing it immediately, was rather a poor way of making an investigation, thought Tom. Somehow it struck him that the man's actions were suspicious. The smashed window was also suspicious, for whoever was the cause of it did not come near it to see the extent of the damage he had caused. The actions of the cat were suspicious to Tom, who knew the nature and habits of the animal pretty well. The red patch on its side looked suspicious, for it seemed to be blood, as Dan had said.

Tom had been busy at the office till ten o'clock that evening, and then, with Dan Bryant, also employed in the office in the capacity of messenger and all-around assistant, had come up to see his boss in answer to a message over the telephone. The old man had said that he wouldn't detain him over five minutes. As he would find the house shut up, he must ring up the janitor to secure admission. That is how it happened that Tom was in front of the building when the somewhat startling incident transpired.

"I'm going in, Dan," he said. "I'm sure to find out the cause of this strange happening, and I'll let you know all about it when I get back."

Thus speaking, Tom dropped the Chinese image in his pocket and going up to the door, rang the janitor's bell. Looking down into the area space, a story below, access to which was had by a flight of narrow iron steps, he saw a light in the janitor's sitting room. Under the window, and sprinkled all over the sill and the area itself, were bright particles of glass. Considering the noise the fragments had made in falling, Tom wondered that the janitor was not out looking at the glittering debris. In a few minutes the inner door was opened and the janitor came to the iron gate and looked at the visitor.

"Oh, that's you, Tom Taylor," he said. "I've been expecting you. Mr. Gregory told me you were coming about eleven. Did you ring more than once?"

"No. Why?"

"I fell asleep in my chair and your ring woke me up."

"Then you didn't hear the crash of glass?"

"Crash of glass! No. What do you mean?"

"One of Mr. Gregory's front window was broken a few minutes ago, just as I got in front of the house."

"Do you mean that?" said the janitor.

"Take a look down in the area space and you'll see that it's littered with glass."

The janitor looked.

"So it is," he said. "What caused it? Did some rascal in the street throw a stone at it?"

"No. The missile that broke it came from the inside."

"The inside!"

"That's what I said. One of Mr. Gregory's curios. It fell at my feet. Here it is."

As the janitor was familiar with the many Chinese and Japanese ornaments in the money broker's apartments, he recognized the stone image at once.

"That's mighty strange," he said. "Mr. Gregory isn't the kind of man to amuse himself by making a target of one of his own windows."

"That's the way I look at it. Furthermore, this thing was thrown at his white cat, and you know how much the old man thinks of that cat."

"I certainly do. He'd as soon jump out of his window as harm Cicero."

"The cat is outside the adjoining window now, or was a minute ago," said Tom, stepping back and looking up.

The janitor looked up, too. They backed toward the curb to get a better view, and both saw the cat still roosting on the window ledge.

"There's something wrong up there, I fear," said the janitor.

"My idea exactly. You'd better come up with me."

"I will."

They entered the house and the doors were locked as before. Up the dimly lighted stairs they went—two flights, meeting no one until they reached the third floor. Tom went to the door of Mr. Gregory's apartments and pushed the electric button. There was no response, and he pushed it again. Still the money broker, who lived alone with his cat, failed to answer the ring.

"Something has surely happened to the old man," said Tom.

"Try the knob of the door."

Tom did so, and found it as tight as a drum.

"I think I am warranted in opening the door with my passkey," said the janitor, whose name was Finnegan.

"I think you are," replied Tom.

Finnegan opened the door and they entered the private hall, where they found an electric bulb burning. The door of the sitting room stood open, but all was dark there. They entered the sitting room and Finnegan pushed a button. Two frosted electric light globes in the center of the room flashed up. A startling sight met the eyes of the two. Stretched out on the floor lay the money broker, with a wound in his breast, stark dead. There was a pool of blood on the polished floor at the edge of the rug.

"Good heavens!" cried Tom. "Mr. Gregory has been murdered!"

CHAPTER II.—The Malay Head.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Finnegan. "What's that on the table?"

A shudder ran through Tom's veins as he looked at the hideous object. It was the full-sized head of a fiendish-looking Malay, and whoever had fashioned the grisly thing had imitated nature to a wonderful degree. There was a menacing look in the staring eyes, and a sardonic evil expression on the mahogany-hued countenance. And yet it had been constructed of some substance of the weight and consistency of papier-mache. Tom was familiar with all of the money-lender's curiosities, or at least all that were displayed about the sitting room, and they were many—all of the same Oriental character, either Chinese, Japanese or Hindoo, but he had never seen this horrible head before.

"It looks like the head of a Malay or Chinese question. The police must be notified of this crime at once."

"I'll go down to the switchboard and call them up," said Finnegan.

"Wait a minute," said the boy.

He seized a fancy cover from the lounge and threw it over the gruesome-looking head to shut out its hideous features. He went to the uninjured window, threw up the shade, and looked out. The cat was there, and it rose with arched back and aggressive manner. Tom threw up the window.

"Cissy, poor Cissy!" he said, in a sympathetic tone.

The cat recognized him at once. Its back went down and it uttered a succession of pathetic meows. It sprang into the room, rubbed its head against the boy's legs for a moment or two and then dashed over to the body of its master. Perching itself on the old man's breast, it began uttering a succession of piercing howls, expressive, no doubt, of its grief.

"I wonder what will become of Cicero now?" said Tom. "I doubt if he will live with another owner."

"Then he'd better be put out of the way," said Finnegan.

"Why, I understand he's considered worth two hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Anybody who would pay two hundred and fifty dollars for the best cat ever born must have more money than brains. I'll go down now and notify the police."

"Do so," said Tom. "One moment, Finnegan; will you go to the front door and call Dan Bryant in? He's on the other side of the way. Send him up here."

"I will," said the janitor, leaving the room and the apartments.

Tom stood looking down at the dead money broker. The door opened and Dan came in, with some hesitation. He looked scared.

"The janitor told me that Mr. Gregory had been—oh, gracious!"

The boy stopped and stared at the corpse of his late boss.

"Who killed him?" he said tremulously.

"I couldn't tell you," replied Tom. "It's a mystery for the police to solve."

"You found him that way?"

"Yes—the janitor and I."

"The cat doesn't know he's dead."

"Don't fool yourself about that. Cicero knows his loss as well as you and I do."

Then a singular thing happened. The cat sprang up with an unearthly howl. Its back and tail went up and its eyes turned green with blended fury and fright. Tom thought it was about to fly at his head, when it suddenly sprang off its master's body and darted for the broken window, through which it disappeared.

"My gracious! That's the last of Cicero, if he's gone down into the street!" cried Tom, running to the window.

But Cicero had not gone down. He lay crouched against the broken window. Tom threw up the sash and spoke reassuringly to him, but he wouldn't come in. Then he picked the cat up. Cicero had taken a fancy to Tom from the first time they met, and he made no objection to the boy handling him. In fact, he cuddled up in his arms.

Probably the secret of his friendship for the boy was the fact that he had noticed that his master and Tom were always on the best of terms. As soon as Tom brought the cat into the room the animal sprang down and resumed its position on its late master's breast. The janitor appeared at this point.

"I've been looking around the house," he said, "but I found no evidence that any strange man had been in here."

"I saw a man with a slouch hat and red beard come out after you and the janitor went in," said Dan.

"You did?" said Tom, a bit excitedly.

"Yes."

"Which way did he go?"

"Down the street."

"Did he look around before he ventured out?"

"He did. That's what called my attention to him. I thought he acted somewhat suspicious."

"You got a good look at him in the electric light?"

"A pretty good look."

"You'd know him if you saw him again?"

"Sure I would."

"You have removed that head. What did you do with it?" the janitor asked Tom.

"I put it in the bathroom."

"I don't see why the old gentleman wanted to add that diabolical thing to his collection. I don't believe I would have come in here to clean up with that thing looking at me. The look of it made my blood creep."

"When are the police coming?"

"Right away. They ought to be here now."

"Then you'd better go down and watch for them."

Finnegan went down just in time to admit a detective and a uniformed officer. He brought them upstairs. They asked the boys and the janitor a number of questions and examined everything in the room, and then stated they would remain until morning. It was about one o'clock when Tom and Dan finally left the apartment house and started for their homes, the former fully resolved to lay claim to the cat, Cicero, if no legal bar was interposed between him and the ownership of the animal, for he believed the cat would be better in his care than any one else's.

CHAPTER III.—Tom's Legacy.

The morning newspapers had the story of the murder of James Gregory, the Wall Street money broker, but the details of the crime were very meager. The lateness of the hour when the crime was reported at Police Headquarters prevented the papers from printing much more than what was elicited from the police, but later on reporters were put on the job to get all the facts for the afternoon journals. John Downey, the money broker's legal adviser, got the first news of the terrible death of his client from his morning paper, and he was greatly shocked. After breakfast he hurried to the apartment house and found the Gregory rooms in possession of the police. The murdered man was laid out on his bed, awaiting the arrival of the coroner. Downey introduced himself as Mr. Gregory's lawyer, and asserted his right to take possession of the premises, after the coroner had passed upon the case, telling the officer in charge that the money broker's will was in his office safe, and that he was mentioned in it as the administrator.

When Tom left his home next morning he was undecided whether he ought to go direct to the office, or visit his late employer's apartments first. His interest in Cicero induced him to adopt the latter course. He was anxious to see that all went well with the bereaved animal. He found the janitor on the ground floor.

"There's a cop upstairs," said Finnegan. "He relieved the man you saw last night, and he will probably be relieved by another member of the force later. The coroner hasn't come yet, but Mr. Gregory's lawyer came a while ago and is up there now."

"How's Cicero?" asked Tom.

"On the bed with the corpse. I brought him up some milk, but he wouldn't touch it. He's going to make trouble for the undertaker when he comes."

Tom went upstairs. He found the policeman seated near the sitting room door, and the lawyer making a general inventory of the dead man's possessions.

"How do you do, Mr. Downey!" said the boy, who was acquainted with the lawyer, having met him on several occasions, both at the office and at his own office. "This is a sad state of affairs."

"It is, indeed, Taylor. It is the last thing I expected to hear of," replied the lawyer. "I am glad you have come. I want somebody to remain here after I leave. Besides, there is the cat. He's a serious proposition. As Mr. Gregory told me on one or two occasions that you and Cicero were great friends, perhaps you may be able to do something with him. He won't leave the body. You will have to persuade him to when the coroner comes, and also when the undertaker takes charge of the corpse. Otherwise the poor animal is likely to be roughly handled."

"I will do what I can, sir," said the boy, who then went in the bedroom.

The cat was roosting on the breast of the dead man, as before. The milk brought by the janitor remained untasted. Tom petted the animal and spoke soothingly to it. As soon as Cicero began to notice him, he put the milk under his nose, and after an effort got him to drink it up. Then Tom

proceeded to extend his influence over the animal. The cat purred, got up and rubbed against him in its friendly way, and then resumed its perch. The coroner came and viewed the body.

"Take that cat away," he said.

"I won't be able to unless you leave the room," said Tom. "Even at that, it will be on easy job. Mr. Gregory and this cat were almost inseparable, and you know what to expect of an animal under such conditions."

The coroner took a reasonable view of the situation and gave Tom a chance. The boy got Cicero to go with him into the bathroom and closed the door. He might have left the cat a prisoner there, but he knew it would not do in the end, so he remained himself, holding the animal in his lap and stroking it, while talking to it all the time. The cat curled up in his arms, recognizing him as his friend, and so all went well till the coroner went away, when Cicero was taken back to his dead master. Mr. Downey had a talk with Tom before leaving.

"You'd better call at the office," said Tom. "You'll find Dan Bryant there. The place had better be closed until I can go there."

"You were in Mr. Gregory's confidence, I know," said the lawyer, "so I will look to you to take full charge and turn me in an accurate statement of his business affairs. The office had better remain closed until after the funeral, and I will have a notice put on the door. I will send Bryant up here to help you out while the authorities are in charge. The officer will permit no one to come in except those having a right to. Newspaper men come under that head. Shut the cat in the bedroom until the undertaker comes and then remove him until he has done his work of embalming and otherwise preparing the body for burial."

"Before the funeral the cat must be taken away altogether. As the dead man's representative, I will turn the animal over to you to care for. You can take it home with you and look after it. I judge you are willing to assume the responsibility. I will go so far as to tell you that such is Mr. Gregory's wish as expressed in his will. He told me you were the only person he would leave the cat to. He said you liked Cicero, and he knew Cicero liked you. I will call back here on my way home."

The lawyer went away and within an hour Dan Bryant appeared. Shortly afterward the undertaker came, with an assistant. Tom took Cicero into the sitting room and kept him there until the undertaker had performed his initial offices. Tom remained all day at the apartment house, with Dan for his relief. The lawyer dropped in about five. He found that the policeman on the door had been withdrawn. It was arranged that Tom and Dan were to remain all night. The apartment was locked up while they were away to supper. While they were out, they sent a message to each of their homes. In the morning they were relieved by a man sent by the lawyer. He brought a note to Tom suggesting that it might be as well for him to take the cat home with him then. Tom decided to do so. He borrowed a large basket from the janitor for the purpose and put Cicero in it.

To his satisfaction the animal made no resistance. When he reached home he let the cat out

in the room. The animal jumped in his lap and stayed there while he ate his breakfast. He fed it there with meat and gave it milk afterward. His sisters had gone to their work and did not see the new addition to the family till later. When Tom went to his room and turned in for a sleep, Cicero followed him and established himself on his bed and presumably went to sleep also.

"He's a magnificent cat," said Tom's mother, when he sat down to a late lunch, "but the red splash spoils his coat."

"I shall wash that off. It's his late master's blood," said Tom.

He placed the cat in his bed and told him to stay there when he was ready to return to the apartment house to remain there that night with Dan. Next day the money lender was buried in his family plot, and the police had failed to arrest the man with the red beard. Lawyer Downey told the boy to call at his house that evening. Tom called about eight o'clock. He was taken into the lawyer's library.

"I have asked you here to make you acquainted with a portion of the contents of your late employer's will," said Mr. Downey. "You are mentioned in it."

"With respect to the cat, I suppose?" replied Tom.

"Exactly. But a legacy is included with the animal."

"A legacy!" exclaimed Tom, in some surprise.

"Yes. Mr. Gregory thought a great deal of you, and as he had no relatives he has left the bulk of his property to various charitable institutions. What he did not bequeath that was he has divided between you and me. You are to have his business, just as it stands, in consideration of taking care of Cicero for the term of his natural life. I suppose you accept the legacy under that condition?"

"Of course I do. I'd take care of Cicero without the legacy. We are already the best of friends."

"That is settled, then, but as the will has to go through the Surrogate's Court before the business can actually become yours, which will take nearly a year, I, as executor of the will, must have a weekly report from you as to the conduct of the business, for I am responsible for everything until estate is finally settled and I receive my discharge. It is quite possible, however, that I may be able to get an order from the Court empowering me to hand you over your legacy within a reasonable time, as you are the only one interested in the receipt of the business. Mr. Gregory left me all his curiosities, which I can either keep in whole or in part, or turn over to some public museum interested in such things."

"Do you think any museum would accept that Malay head? It's a pretty tough thing to put on exhibition."

"I haven't seen it as yet, as it is in the possession of the police. I have no desire to keep it myself if it is half as sinister as you have described it to be. Mr. Gregory had a strange—I might say a perverted—fancy for the grotesque. He carried that fancy to the extreme in many things."

After some further talk, Tom went home and astonished his mother with the news of his good fortune. Cicero was asleep in the lap of his

youngest sister. The big prize Angora appeared to have taken a fancy to the whole Taylor family.

CHAPTER IV.—At the Office.

Dan Bryant was always the first at the office, and Tom found him there when he arrived a few minutes later.

"What do you suppose the program will be with respect to this office?" said Dan, coming over to the big safe which Tom was unlocking.

"The program is that we shall continue to do business here till further notice," replied Tom.

"The lawyer told you that, did he?" said Dan, in a tone of satisfaction.

"He did."

"And you will have charge of the place, of course?"

"Yes. Any objection to me as your boss?"

"Sure not. That suits me from the ground floor up."

"Very well. Take these trays of money and coin and dress the window as usual," said Tom, removing his books from the safe to his desk.

Dan got busy and soon had the window looking as usual. Brokers passing the office that morning and observing that it was open for business as usual, understood that it was being run in the interest of the estate, which, as a matter of fact, it was, for Tom was, as yet, only the prospective owner of the business, and whatever he did had to be accounted for to Mr. Downey, the executor under the old man's will. Several of the brokers who had borrowed money on all loans dropped in that morning to learn who was in charge of the office, and found out that Tom was. A broker named Bowen came in and wanted to raise \$5,000 on collateral, as he had often done before, but Tom told him there was nothing doing in that line.

"Mr. Gregory's bank account is tied up," said the boy money broker, "and until the administrator of the estate gets legal control of it we shall have nothing to loan here. It is not at all certain that any money will be loaned hereafter. That question lies with the executor. The regular business of this office does not include the loaning of money. Mr. Gregory did it as a side issue, and only to a favored few like yourself and others whose names I could mention."

"Will the business be ultimately wound up?" asked the broker.

"No. It will go right on."

"You mean it will be sold out to a new owner?"

"No, sir; it will not be sold. The new owner will come into it under Mr. Gregory's will."

"Who is the executor of the estate?"

"John Downey, lawyer, at 165 Broadway."

The broker then went away to seek a bank or a regular money lender. Tom went to lunch at half-past twelve, leaving the office in charge of Dan. Five minutes later a man came in and asked if he could see the person in charge of the office.

"Mr. Taylor is out to his lunch. He will be back in course of half an hour," replied Dan.

"Are you one of the clerks here?" asked the visitor.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. I want to see the responsible head of the office."

"Return in half an hour and you will see him."

The visitor departed. Fifteen minutes later Tom got back. Knowing that Dan was not able to attend to all branches of the business, he wasted no time over his lunch.

"There was a man in here to see you," said Dan.

"Who was he?" asked Tom.

"He didn't give his name."

Dan put on his hat and departed. The visitor returned in fifteen minutes afterward.

"Well, sir?" said Tom, coming to the counter.

"I wish to see the person in charge of this office. Are you he?" said the man.

"I'm acting as manager at present," answered the boy.

"Can you tell me who has charge of the property left by the late Mr. Gregory?"

"His lawyer."

"What is his name and address?"

Tom gave them to him.

"I suppose Mr. Gregory made a will?"

"I can't give you any information on the subject. Mr. Downey is the person for you to apply to."

"Just so. Thank you. I will call on him."

The man went away.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Tom. "Somebody with a claim against the estate? Maybe he's a reporter, though I wouldn't take him for one. Anyway, I don't like his face much."

Business was brisk that day and took up so much of Tom's time that he had very little chance to attend to his books. Several brokers came in to make loans, and Tom had to explain why he was obliged to disappoint them. Other brokers came in to find out if their loans were likely to be called in very soon. Tom's answer to their questions was that he did not know what course the executor would take in regard to such loans. When he assured them that the business was not going to be wound up, they went away satisfied. Business dropped off after four, and by five, when the office was usually closed, there was nothing doing. Tom and Dan remained till six, the extra hour being spent in posting Bryant in certain bookkeeping matters. The display of money in the window was returned to the safe, the books put away and the two boys started uptown together. Before they parted, Dan was instructed to call at the newspaper office and get whatever replies had been sent in to the address on the advertisement.

CHAPTER V.—Tom Hires An Office Boy.

There was quite a batch of letters awaiting Tom's attention when he reached the office next morning. Most of these were in answer to his advertisement for a smart, bright boy in a money broker's office in Wall Street. The others consisted of business correspondence. Tom attended to the latter first, typewriting his replies himself and giving the letters to Dan to mail at once. Then he looked the replies to his advertisement over. He picked out several to answer. One of them was rather aggressive and to the point, and though the handwriting was not as neat or as

educated as the others, he was rather taken with it. It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir: I am the boy you want. I'm a hustler and know the financial district like a book, and the whole of New York as well as anybody in it. I want the job because I'm out of work and need the money. If I don't make good right off the reel, I don't ask for any pay for the try-out. My last job was at the Maritime Exchange. I was a messenger there. I can't refer to the manager, because I had a run-in with him and he bounced me. I'm honest about it. I wasn't to blame. I have a sick mother, and I failed to report for duty one morning when they were rushed. The manager gave me an awful wiggling and wouldn't listen to my excuse. I was feeling blue, anyway, 'cause my mother had had a bad night, so I said things and he handed it to me. If you don't want me now, well and good; but I'm square, and if you take me on, I'll stand by you to the limit. Yours truly,

"TIM FLYNN."

"What do you think of that, Dan?" said Tom, handing him the letter.

"I think he's all to the good," said Dan, after reading it. "That letter hits me, and I'd give him a hearing, at any rate."

"Here's another," said Tom. "Read that." Dan read the following:

"Respected Sir: Permit me to apply for the position as office boy. I have never enjoyed the advantage of experience in Wall Street, but I'm a graduate from Public School No. —, and can bring you a letter of recommendation from the lady principal. Also one from the teacher of my Sunday school class, another from the superintendent, and a third from our minister, the Rev. Solomon Squeers, A.M., D.D. I live with my parents at No. — West 128th street, in a private house. My father is manager of the Metropolitan Packing House, and he's a deacon in our church and a member of the Foreign Mission Society. We are distantly related to the — family. If necessary, I can furnish a bond for the faithful performance of the duties of the position. Hoping to receive a favorable reply, I am,

"Yours, etc.,

"Archibald Pierpont Chesterling."

"That chap isn't my style, though he writes a fine hand and uses some big words," said Dan. "He must be an uncommonly good boy, for he seems to have references to burn. But what does he want to tell you that he's related to the — family for? Or that his father is a church deacon and a member of the missionary society? Or that he lives in a private house? I never heard of an office boy being asked to give a bond, unless there was some special reason for it. However, I'll write him, but I do not think he'd suit."

Tom answered Tim Flynn, Archibald Chesterling, and several others, telling them to call. He put special delivery stamps on the letters and told Dan to mail them at the sub-station. Ten minutes of twelve a respectably dressed and husky-looking youth, with a freckled, weather-beaten face that had an aggressive cast, came into the

office. He waited till Dan had served two customers.

"I got this letter to call here about the job as office boy," said the lad.

"Are you Tim Flynn?" asked Dan, holding the letter in his hand.

"Yes."

Dan went over to the desk where Tom was busy and handed him the letter.

"It's Tim Flynn," said Dan.

"Bring him into the private room," said Tom, going in there and seating himself at the late Mr. Gregory's desk.

Dan showed Flynn in. Tom picked up the applicant's answer to his advertisement and read it over again.

"Your name is Timothy Flynn?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim respectfully.

"Haven't you any reference at all to offer?"

"You can call on the manager of the Maritime Exchange, if you want to, but as he fired me for talking back to him I don't know what he'll say about me. I have answered a dozen advertisements for Wall Street jobs, but never got any answer except yours. I know I can fill the bill, and I'm honest. I suppose my saying so doesn't prove it, but it's a fact, just the same."

"Well, Flynn, I'll consider your application. If you don't hear from me to-night you can consider it off."

"All right, sir. It's hard to get a job without reference. And I need one badly enough because —but that's nothing to you, sir. Good-day."

Tom looked reflectively at Flynn. He was somewhat impressed by the boy in spite of his lack of reference. Finally he came to a decision.

"I'll give you a trial, Flynn, and in the meanwhile I'll call on the manager of the Maritime Exchange. Report here to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, sir."

"As you say you are greatly in need of money I'll let you have a couple of dollars on account of your wages, which will be six dollars a week, if you stay."

"If you're willing to trust me with two dollars in advance I guess you'll give me a square deal, and if I get a square deal I'll make good. Thanks!"

Tim went away with the two dollars just as a neatly dressed boy came in and told Dan that his name was Archibald Chesterling. He certainly looked widely different from Flynn. His shoes were highly polished and he wore a pair of gloves. Indeed, he would not have been out of place, as far as appearances went, in the best society. Dan carried the letter in to Tom.

"Send the boy in," said Tom.

Archibald entered the private room as he might enter a drawing-room, with his hat in his hand and a polite air. We will not dwell on the interview between him and Tom. He did not particularly impress the young money broker as a boy who would suit him in case Flynn proved unsatisfactory.

"If you don't hear from me by to-morrow morning you may consider that I have decided on somebody else," was the way Tom dismissed him.

Three other boys called during the afternoon. Tom interviewed them and told each that he had taken a boy on trial, and if he did not fill the

bill they might expect to hear from him. When he went to lunch Tom called at the Maritime Exchange and saw the manager of the messengers. That gentleman said that he had discharged Flynn for back talk. Then he admitted that Flynn had proved a first-class messenger, and he had no fault to find with his work. His statement, as a whole, Tom considered as a recommendation and was satisfied. Flynn was waiting outside the door, ready to go to work, when Dan appeared next morning.

"Is that young fellow who hired me on trial the boss of this shop?" said Flynn.

"Yes," said Dan, "and you'll find him a fine boss if you do the right thing."

"I believe you. He loaned me two dollars yesterday, and I never needed two dollars more in my life. I'll do the right thing, don't you worry."

"Sit down in that chair till you're wanted."

The chair in question was inside the counter. Tom turned up in a few minutes and opened the safe.

"Come here, Flynn, and help me dress the window," said Dan.

They carried the money and other valuable articles from the safe to the window between them, and Dan laid them out to the best advantage. He then proceeded to explain to Flynn the line of his duties, which was to wait on customers when he was in the office.

"You must learn the value of all the different kinds of foreign money in American gold, and remember that the value sometimes fluctuates. I'll post you until you get the hang of the business. These silver coins, for instance, are Mexican dollars. Their present exchange value, in our money, is fifty-three cents. That's what we give for them. If a man comes here and wants to buy one or more of them we charge him fifty-five cents. Understand?"

"Sure," said Flynn.

"Now, those gold-pieces are English sovereigns. The exchange value to-day is \$4.84 and a fraction. We sell them at——"

Here a man came in and asked for a dozen English half-penny stamps. Their value was a cent, but many dealers charged two cents each for them. Mr. Gregory's price had always been about a cent and a quarter. Dan charged the man fifteen cents for the twelve stamps. He then resumed instructing Flynn. In a few minutes Tom handed Flynn some letters and told him to mail them at the sub-station. He went off like a shot, and was back in record time. When he got back Tom had a letter for him to take to a broker on Exchange place. His next errand was to Lawyer Downey's office, and then he tried his hand waiting on a customer or two. Altogether, he did very well on his first day. He was behind the counter next day at one when Dan went to lunch. Tom was in the private room. A dark-featured man came in, and after looking around the office said:

"I'd like to see the proprietor."

"You mean Mr. Taylor?" said Flynn.

"Yes. Is he in?"

"He is. What's your name?"

"My name is Smith—George Smith."

"What is your business with Mr. Taylor?"

"No matter. It's important and private."

"I'll tell him."

When Flynn started for the office the man raised a thin steel rod with a hook on the end of it, which he had kept out of sight, and fished a package of new dollar bills out of the window. The trick was done so swift and well that Flynn didn't notice what was going on behind him. It happened that Tom glanced out through the half-open door at the moment and saw what happened. The man, after securing his prize, remained standing at the counter. It was not his purpose to attract attention to himself by rushing out of the place. He felt safe, because appearances indicated that he had not been detected.

"A man named Smith wishes to see you," said Flynn to Tom.

"Send him in here."

"Yes, sir."

"One moment, Flynn. If you had eyes in the back of your head you would have noticed what that man did the moment your back was turned to him."

"What did he do?"

"He fished a package of bills out of the window with an iron rod he's got with him."

"Did you see him do that?" Flynn asked.

"I did."

"If he gets away with the money he'll be a better chap than I am."

"Don't make any demonstration. He's asked for me as a bluff. Send him in and then stand ready to help me if I need your aid."

"All right, sir."

The man who said his name was Smith was shown into the private room.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Tom.

"Do you buy old jewelry settings?" inquired the caller.

"I buy old gold and silver by weight. Got some?"

"I've got a boxful at my house. I'll bring it down this afternoon."

The visitor turned to go.

"One moment, Mr. Smith," said Tom, rising and approaching him. "You have something in your pocket belonging to this office."

"What's that?" said Smith.

"This," said Tom, diving his hand in the man's side-pocket and bringing out the package of money.

The fellow was taken aback for a moment and then recovered.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "That's my money."

"Is it? I saw you steal it out of my window just now."

"You're a liar!"

Quick as a flash, the man raised his steel rod to strike Tom down, when his arm was caught from behind.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Flynn, seizing him with an iron grip.

CHAPTER VI.—Tom Wins Some Money on D. & O.

"Can you hold him, Flynn?" asked Tom.

"I bet you I can. Watch me," returned Flynn, as the man struggled in vain to get free.

Tom went to his desk and telephoned for a policeman.

"Are you going to have me arrested?" said the man.

"I am. You have committed grand larceny. There is \$100 in that package."

"You'd better let me go," said the man.

"I intend to—in the custody of a policeman."

"You'll regret it if I'm pinched."

"You're the one who will have the regrets."

"I have friends who will fix you."

"No threats. They will count against you."

"You can't prove anything against me. My word is as good as yours."

"I can prove that is my money."

"You can't prove that I took it."

"I'll run the chance of that."

At that juncture Dan returned from his lunch. He was surprised at the state of affairs in the private room. Tom explained the situation in a few words.

"That's a slick trick. You'd have been \$100 out if you hadn't caught him in the act."

A customer entered the office and Dan went to wait on him. As he was leaving a policeman came in.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked Dan.

"Come over to the private room," said Dan.

Tom put the officer in possession of the particulars.

"You want this man arrested?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"You charge him with stealing a package of money worth \$100?"

"I do."

"Is the money on his person?"

"No. I took it away from him."

"Is that the package on your desk?"

"Yes."

"What means have you for identifying it?"

"The band is stamped with the office rubber stamp."

"Hand it to me. I must turn it in as evidence."

Tom turned it over to him.

"This charge is a frame-up," said the prisoner.

"I never touched that money."

"Look at that steel rod, officer. You'll see it has a hook in the end. He reached into the window with that and got the package. He did it very quick, but I happened to be looking out through my door at the time and saw him."

The officer handcuffed the man to his own wrist and took him away. Flynn went outside with Dan.

"Do you think that will go against me?" said Flynn.

"What do you mean?" asked Dan.

"That fellow hooked the package of bills under my nose. If the boss hadn't seen him do it he'd have got away with the dough. There'd have been \$100 missing, and I'd have been suspected of stealing it," said Flynn.

"No. Mr. Taylor won't hold that against you, but it must be a lesson to you to keep your eyes skinned all the time when customers are in here. Crooks use all kinds of dodges to steal. They invent new schemes every day. There are a score of Wall Street Secret Service men on the lookout all the time, but the crooks beat them out every once in a while."

"I ought to have been more watchful, but the chap asked to see the boss on private and important business, and I never suspected he wasn't all right."

"Don't worry over it. The money has been saved. We're all liable to make a slip once in a while."

"But this is my first day," said Flynn, who still looked gloomy. A couple of customers coming in interrupted the conversation. One had some foreign gold to sell and Dan attended to him, while the other was a good-sized boy who wanted to know if they had foreign stamps to sell.

"Do you sell foreign stamps?" Flynn asked Dan.

"No. Tell him he'll find half a dozen places up Nassau street," said Dan.

That afternoon the thief was brought before the magistrate at the Tombs Police Court and Tom appeared against him, with Flynn to back him up. The man denied the charge. Tom told his story, and the package of money and the steel rod with the hook was put in evidence. It was the rod that told against the prisoner more than anything else. It was a circumstantial corroboration of the young money broker's statement, and the prisoner was held. Flynn exerted himself hard during the rest of the week to make up for his slip, and when Saturday came around Tom handed him \$4 and told him he guessed he would prove satisfactory. Flynn went home happy and fully determined to do his best right along. That morning Tom had received a letter from an anonymous correspondent threatening him with trouble unless he let up on the man who stole the package of bills. The young money broker was not intimidated in the least, and paid no attention to the warning. He and Dan remained that afternoon, after closing the office at one, to pull up on their work. On Monday a young broker with whom Tom was on excellent terms called and Tom invited him into his private room.

"You're the manager of the office now, I see," said the visitor, whose name was Duncan.

"Yes, I'm in full charge, under the executor," replied Tom.

"I suppose the place will ultimately be sold to settle the estate?"

"No. The business will be continued indefinitely."

"Then it's been left to some institution in trust, for the papers said that Mr. Gregory had no living relatives."

"No," said Tom, shaking his head.

"Who has it been left to, then?"

"If you will keep the matter secret I'll tell you."

"I will."

"Mr. Gregory left the business to me as an evidence of his regard for me and my services in his employ, and with the understanding that I was to take care of his pet cat, Cicero, a prize Angora."

"Is that really so?"

"It is."

"You've struck luck in Wall Street for fair, Taylor. This business must be worth a lot of money. It's been established thirty years. Everybody in the financial district knows Gregory's money brokerage office, and I guess it's generally known all over lower New York. You will make your fortune here in the course of time."

You had better hold on to the name of Gregory, for it's a regular trade-mark for you. If you substituted your own name it would make the office look like a new one. You would surely lose half your custom. Hundreds of strangers with money to exchange are referred to Gregory's. If they failed to find the sign they probably would go to some other money broker. There is nothing, however, to prevent you putting your own name as successor in small letters under the sign, if you want to, and on your business-cards. The main idea is to keep the name Gregory always before the public."

"I understand that, and intend to carry it out that way," said Tom. "The window sign is all right as it is, but after the business has legally passed into my possession I will put my name on the door, down in the corner, leaving the present lettering as it is. I will keep in the background as much as possible. You see, I'm only a boy yet, and I look rather young to be the proprietor of a responsible Wall Street business. That's why I don't want you to spread the news around. In a little while the general public will forget that Mr. Gregory is dead, while our Wall Street customers will suppose the business is continued by the estate under my management. In a year or so nobody will think about the matter at all. It will slowly be Gregory's, as it always has been."

"Exactly. Many a business is run under a dead man's name, and few people are the wiser, or care anything about it. They continue to patronize the old stand because of its well-known reputation. That's why successful trade-marks are such valuable assets. Five years from now if you wanted to dispose of this business it would fetch a much higher figure as Gregory's than as Taylor's."

"That's right," nodded Tom.

"By the way, how are you off for spare cash?"

"Short. We're not lending any funds now. The old man's bank account is——"

"Oh, I don't want to borrow any money, and I wasn't referring to the office. I meant how are you individually fixed for ready money?"

"I've got about \$1,700 I've made out of the market at various times."

"So I thought. Well, put your money up on D. & O. and you'll double it easy enough," said Duncan.

"Is this a tip you're giving me?"

"It is. I've got it from a friend on the inside and I thought I'd pass it on to you. That's what brought me here."

"Is a good tip, is it?"

"Nothing better as tips go. I'm in it up to my ears."

"What's behind the stock—a syndicate?"

"Yes. The Bagley crowd. Those chaps are worth a raft of money. Whatever they touch usually goes, and goes big."

"I'll take a chance on it. Much obliged for the pointer."

"You're welcome. Keep it to yourself."

"I will."

Broker Duncan then took his leave. When Tom went to work he bought 150 shares of D. & O. at 98, and put up \$1,500 of his private capital as security on the deal. He got the tip just as the stock began to rise, and by the end of the week it was up to 99. There was no ticker in

the office, so Tom couldn't keep track of the stock very close, as close as he should have done. However, he sent Flynn out to get the quotations once in a while. Duncan had also promised to keep him posted, and to tip him off when it was well for him to sell. This the broker did, over the telephone, and thus Tom had a pretty clear idea how the market was running. On Wednesday, D. & O. opened at 93 and in an hour or two jumped to 95. At two o'clock it reached 98 and Duncan telephoned him he had better sell.

"All right," returned Tom, "sell the shares."

The broker sold Tom's stock at the time he sold his own, and the young money broker cleared about 2,700 on the lucky deal.

CHAPTER VII.—Tom Receives Two Curious Notes.

On Saturday morning Tom got a curious letter in the mail. It ran as follows:

"Thomas Taylor: Your late esteemed employer, James Gregory, has been dead a month and though I have followed the papers regularly I have seen nothing showing that the police have made any headway in apprehending his mysterious assassin. Mr. Gregory was a fine old gentleman, and it seems a shame that the man responsible for his tragic death should still be at large. Why doesn't the lawyer in charge of the estate stir the authorities up? By the way, what has become of Mr. Gregory's prize cat, Cicero? The animal was present at the time of the murder, but unfortunately it is not endowed with human speech or it could a tale unfold that might lead the detectives to the murderer's door. If I were in your place I would get that cat and keep it at your office a few days. This may seem a strange suggestion, but I have an idea what would happen. Respectfully yours, A. J. D."

The letter was in a lady's handwriting, and it sounded like a woman.

"That is certainly a singular suggestion my correspondent has made," thought Tom, as he read that part of the letter over a second time. "If she were in my place she would get the cat and keep it in the office a few days, for she has an idea something would happen. I don't see what would be likely to happen unless it was an attempt to steal the cat."

He showed the letter to Dan.

"That woman is off her perch," said Dan. "She seems to think that if the cat were brought to the office he would discover the murderer of Mr. Gregory. What a ridiculous idea! She seems to be interested in the murder. Maybe she's had a dream about the cat. I wonder who she is, anyway, and how she knew that Mr. Gregory had a prize cat named Cicero?"

"She must have gone to the Cat Show when Cicero was on exhibition. Anybody interested in fine cats would not soon forget Cicero. He easily took the first prize for all-around superiority. The new papers gave him considerable notice, and, of course, Mr. Gregory was frequently mentioned as the owner of the animal. I don't cat ex-

pert and connoisseur has the records of prize cats, just as horse owners have the pedigrees of prominent race horses. Mr. Downey told me that he had received a score of inquiries about Cicero, and a number of offers to purchase him, one which ranged as high as \$300. He answered all of them, stating that the cat was not for sale at any price under the will of its late owner, but gave out no information concerning the animal's present whereabouts. That shows you that Cicero has not been forgotten in certain interested quarters," said Tom.

"It is probably a wise thing to keep Cicero in the background lest an attempt be made to steal him. Maybe that woman sent that letter with the object of learning where the cat is. She thought that perhaps you knew, and she could get it out of you. Take it from me, her remarks about the police and the murderer were only a little bit of taffy to introduce the point she was aiming at. If the cat was brought to the office and kept here a few days Wall Street would get on to it and you'd have visitors by the score to see the animal. Among them would be the woman, or somebody in whose interest she wrote the letter, probably, and they'd keep watch to see when the cat was taken away, and where it was removed. Then an attempt would follow to steal the cat from your house, and it might succeed. As this business was willed to you contingent on you taking care of Cicero for life, if you lost him you might be dumped out of your legacy," said Dan, wagging his head in a profound way.

"I never thought of the possibility of the cat being stolen," said Tom. "I must warn my mother to be always on her guard. Still, I think it would take more than one smart person to steal Cicero, and they'd have the time of their lives doing it, for that cat has a mighty long and sharp set of nails, and is as strong as a young bulldog. It always has been my opinion that Cicero would have done Mr. Gregory's murderer up if he hadn't been intimidated by that Malay head. There was something about that head besides its ugliness that got Cicero's goat."

"Oh, I don't know. Cats are always afraid of masks, or anything unusual like that. We've got a cat at our house and we are great friends, but if I were to enter the room where he is with a coat over my head so that he couldn't see my face he'd fly from me like a house afire," said Dan.

"I know, but, you see, in this case the Malay head was on the table when the murder was committed, and as Cicero always was around Mr. Gregory, no matter in what part of his rooms he was, it gets me why he didn't fly at the assassin when he struck the old man down."

"He must have done it, otherwise the man would have had no reason for throwing the stone image at him," said Dan.

"That's true enough in a way, but a small image like that wouldn't have stood Cicero off unless it hit him on the head and knocked him out, which didn't happen."

"Say the cat did spring at him, he kept it off with his knife till he got his fingers on the image and used that."

"Argument is useless. In my opinion it wasn't either the knife or the image that caused Cicero to turn tail, but the Malay head."

"If the Malay head did it, what call had the man to fling the image at the cat?"

"How do I know? He put his foot in it by breaking the window. He probably entered the rooms to commit burglary, was detected by the old man, who grabbed him. He pulled out his knife and stabbed him, then Cicero got busy, and in his endeavors to get rid of the animal he flung the image at it and broke the window. That alarmed him, and he hurried away without touching a thing. That's the way I figure the thing out, but it doesn't explain the presence of the Malay head, nor why that thing excited both fear and rage in the cat."

"Well, I don't see that the police have done much in the way of catching the guilty man. Your correspondent is right in criticizing their lack of results. What does Mr. Downey think about it?"

"We've talked the matter over and have concluded that the murderer skipped the city at once. You see, the newspapers warned him that a man with a red beard had been seen to leave the house, and that the police were looking for that individual. Naturally, he decided that New York wasn't safe for him."

"I suppose so. The newspapers do a whole lot of harm in such cases by printing everything that is known."

"The police gave the fact out themselves, for we told nobody but the detective."

"We told the janitor, and as he was interviewed by the newspaper men before they tackled us, he might be the party who let the fact out."

"Wherever they got their information they knew all about the red-bearded man when they interviewed us."

"The police have the Malay head at headquarters, but what good has it done them?"

"No good that I know of."

"At the present moment the murder is another one of New York's tragic mysteries."

"Yes," nodded Tom.

"Have the detectives found out how the murderer got into the house?"

"I haven't heard."

"The janitor is certain that the only way he could have got in was through the front entrance, after the house was shut up for the night, by the aid of a skeleton key."

"That seems a reasonable conclusion, for there is no evidence showing he got in by any other route."

"Do you think that red beard on the man was false?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if it was. The detective believed it was."

"Then why need the fellow leave the city? All he had to do was to destroy the beard and change his clothes to be reasonably safe."

"A man who stands in the shadow of the electric chair is inclined to take as few chances as possible."

"Well, he gained nothing through his crime."

"No."

"Are you going to make any reply to the lady?"

"She didn't inclose her address."

"Then her object was merely to suggest that you bring Cicero to the office and keep him here for a few days."

"Which I have no intention of doing."

"That's right. Of course, everybody in your flat-house knows that you have the cat?"

"Yes. It would be impossible to keep the fact secret from them."

"And half of the people in the block also, I suppose?"

"I dare say."

"Then you can't be too careful of the animal. A cat worth \$300 offers a certain amount of temptation to unscrupulous persons."

"If a reporter finds out that you have the cat it may lead to a paragraph, and then the general public will know where the cat is."

"I can't help that," turning to his desk.

Tom had been tempted by his recent success in the market to look out for another chance to add to his enlarged capital, which now amounted to over \$4,000, independent of a month's profits in his business. He kept his capital in a box at a safe-deposit company, while the office cash he kept in the safe. The value of his window display of foreign money and small bonds was considerable, and he presumed that would come to him with the business, as it was a part of it. The \$60,000 worth of loans went to the general estate. He had as yet received no instructions to call in any of the money that came under that head. None of the time loans ran over four months, and some of them were almost due. On the following Monday Tom saw by the papers that Orion Copper showed signs of advancing, so the young broker concluded to take a chance at it. It was selling at nearly \$4 a share. He called on his friend Duncan and asked him what he thought of it.

"I think it would not be a bad idea for you to buy it as a speculation, but I don't believe you'll make over a dollar a share."

"I'll be glad to make that. Here's \$1,000 on account. Buy me 1,000 shares, and deliver the certificates to me C. O. D."

"That's the right way to buy stock. Purchase it outright and then you can't be wiped out even if the market goes to pieces."

"There isn't a whole lot of danger of any good copper stock going to pieces."

"I agree with you. Copper is a pretty safe proposition these days."

So Tom came into possession of 1,000 shares of Orion. During the week it advanced fifty cents a share. On Saturday Tom got another letter out of the common. It was in the same woman's handwriting and ran as follows:

"Thomas Taylor: If you will call at Room 1608, in your building, at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon you will learn something to your advantage. I would advise you to be on hand. Yours respectfully, A. J. D."

"This is the same woman who wrote me the letter I got last Saturday morning," thought Tom. "I wonder what's in the wind. Something to my advantage. Well, I can't imagine what it can be. Perhaps it's some trap. I hardly think I will pay any attention to it."

He showed the letter to Dan and asked him what he thought about it.

"I wouldn't notice it. That woman probably wants to see if she can learn anything about the

cat from you. She is probably being used by somebody else who is anxious to buy the animal, and failing in that might adopt underhand means to get possession of it," said Dan.

"Not knowing that I have the animal, you think she intends to try and bribe me to locate the present abode of the cat. That might be the meaning of her words that if I call I will learn something to my advantage."

"That's about the size of it."

"Flynn!" called Tom.

"Yes, sir," replied the office boy promptly.

"Take the elevator in this building and go up to the sixteenth floor. That is pretty near the top. Hunt up Room 1608 and see whose name is on the glass. Bring me back word."

Flynn started on his errand and in a short time returned.

"Samuel Sharpley, patent attorney, sir," was the information he delivered.

Tom nodded and that was the end of the matter then. A little later he had occasion to go out. On his way back he stopped in at the lower corridor of the building. Walking up to the man in charge of the elevators, he said:

"Do you know anything about Samuel Sharpley, who has an office on the sixteenth floor?"

"He's a medium-sized man, with a sandy complexion. He left the building a few minutes ago. He told me that he was going to Washington to look after a case he is pushing through the Patent Office. He told me he did not expect to return before next Wednesday or Thursday, and I was to tell that to anybody who called looking for him."

"Do you understand from that that his office is closed? Hasn't he a clerk in charge when he is absent?"

"I couldn't say. I don't keep track of the employees of any tenant."

"Flynn," said Tom, when he entered his office, "go up to Room 1608 and see if anybody is there. If there is you can say you called to see Mr. Sharpley. You will probably be told he has gone to Washington. Then come back."

Flynn lost very little time on his errand. He reported to Tom that the office was locked and no one was in it. Tom decided not to visit the office at three o'clock that day, as it seemed rather doubtful about it being to his advantage, and he didn't.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Tenant on the Top Floor.

During the following week the Orion Copper stock continued to advance, and by the following Friday it reached \$6. Between two and three o'clock that day there was a flurry in copper. All copper stocks got an upward move on, and Orion went to \$7.50. Tom got word about it from Duncan over the telephone.

"Do you think it will go higher?" asked the young money broker.

"Would you advise me to sell or hold on?"

"You stand to win \$3,500 at the present figure. If it was my deal I'd sell. I think the risk is greater than the chance of another fifty-cent rise."

"All right. Sell the stock," said Tom.

When Duncan reached the Curb, Orion was up fifteen cents more, and he sold Tom's stock at

\$7.65. The stock closed that day at \$7.75. It went to \$7.90 soon after the Curb opened for business, and was heading for \$8 when a leading broker came on the scene and began offering it in large lots for \$7.75. That stopped the advance, and when the broker offered to sell any part of 5,000 shares for \$7.65, the market became a little shaky. When business closed at noon that day Orion had dropped to \$7.40. Tom congratulated himself on having sold out in time. A few minutes later Lawyer Downey called to see him, as he was accustomed to do about once a week. The lawyer had been through both the safe and Mr. Gregory's desk, and taken possession of all notes and other important papers. He had also gone through the books with Tom to familiarize himself with the condition of his late client's business affairs.

"Here are two notes that fall due next week, Taylor," said the lawyer, handing them to him. "Collect them and send the money over to my office."

"Yes, sir."

"The lease of the Park avenue apartment expires next week, on Thursday noon, and I am going to have everything removed to the Mercury Storage House. For reasons I don't care to have the storage men do the packing of the curios, so I wish you and Bryant would go up there this afternoon and pack them in the boxes I've had sent to the place."

"All right, sir."

"The rugs have all been cleaned and rolled up in moth-proof paper. You had better get a woman to help pack the linen, clothes and such things. Here are the keys of Mr. Gregory's trunks and suit-cases. The woman will understand how to roll up the mattresses and bed-clothes. You needn't take the brass bed apart, as the storage men will attend to that. They have to cover the parts with bagging and excelsior to protect the brass from injury. It's an expensive bed. You will find plenty of excelsior in the boxes to use in packing the curios."

"Dan and I will attend to everything," said Tom.

"Mr. Gregory kept an accurate account of his personal expenses and expenditures in his private cash-book. He was a most particular man in that respect. In going over it I found noted down every curio he bought, the person or store from whom he got it, and the price he paid for it. The last entry was for the little stone image which smashed the window. He bought that Monday afternoon on his way home from the office, at Haki's antique store, on Fourth avenue, and he paid seventy-five cents for it. Every one of the curios has a catalogue number, on its back or bottom, and the number of this one is up in the four hundreds. It is clearly the last thing he bought before he was killed. The supposition that he had bought the Malay head shortly before his death strikes me now as being extremely doubtful. I believe the man who killed him brought the head to the house to sell it to him, and that Mr. Gregory refused to buy it or give the price asked. At any rate, my late client's private cash balanced close enough to show that he had made no purchase of any value."

"If the man's object in visiting Mr. Gregory

was to sell him the Malay head, why did he not apply for admission openly at the house?" said Tom.

"To tell the truth, I think he brought the head merely as an excuse to get into Mr. Gregory's apartment, after he had secured entrance to the house in a way best known to himself. His purpose must have been robbery, but the smashing of the window frightened him off. At any rate, he took nothing away with him, for I have made a complete inventory of the property and it coincides with Mr. Gregory's record in his book."

"I wonder if the mystery of the murder will ever be cleared up?"

"It is hard to say. The police haven't found the slightest clue to the murderer."

The lawyer got up, said good-by and left. Tom paid Flynn off and then he and Dan went to lunch. He explained to his chief assistant that he required his services at the apartment house that afternoon to help pack up the late money broker's curios.

"I'm with you," said Dan.

"We shall need a woman to pack the clothes and roll up the bed clothes. Where can we get one on short notice?"

"Put it up to Finnegan. He ought to know somebody."

They took the elevated uptown and soon reached the apartment house. Finnegan was expecting them and told Tom that the small packing boxes were up in the Gregory apartment.

"I want a woman helper. Can you get me one, Finnegan?" said Tom.

"Sure I can. I'll send over for my niece. She's young, but is as strong as an ox."

"Send for her at once," said Tom.

The boys stepped into the elevator and were carried to the third floor. They were presently busy on their job. In the course of twenty minutes Finnegan brought up his niece. She was a strapping, good-looking girl, who said her name was Jenny Craig. Tom put her at work packing the two trunks. The afternoon wore away and the work went on briskly.

"We haven't got screws enough for this box," said Dan, pausing.

"Go down and get a few from Finnegan," said Tom.

At that moment there came a knock at the door. Dan found a man with a short beard and a plug hat on standing there.

"I'd like to see Mr. Taylor," he said.

Dan called Tom and went over to the elevator, which came up and took him downstairs. Tom went to the door and saw a stranger.

"You wish to see me, sir?" he said.

"A gentleman on the top floor would like to see you. He was a friend of Mr. Gregory, and as you were that gentleman's confidential clerk he has something to say to you of importance," said the man.

"What is this gentleman's name?"

"His name is Thacker."

"Is he the tenant of the top floor?"

"He is."

"Well, I'll go up as soon as my assistant returns from downstairs."

"You are getting the late Mr. Gregory's things ready for removal. I see."

"We are. The lease of the apartment expires next Thursday."

"Are they going to an auction house?"

"No. They're going to be stored."

"Pending the settlement of the estate, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

In a few minutes Dan returned.

"I'm going to the top floor to see the tenant there," Tom said. "I don't expect to be long. You can go on and finish with the last case."

"All right," answered Dan.

Tom and the man who had come after him entered the elevator together and were carried up to the top floor. The man pushed the electric button. In a minute the door was opened by a tall, well-built man, whose countenance was not very attractive to Tom. He was smoothly shaven, except for a short, thick, stubbly mustache, which stuck out aggressively.

"This is Mr. Thacker," said Tom's conductor.

"You wished to see me?" said the young money broker.

"If you are Thomas Taylor," replied Thacker.

"That's my name."

"Come in."

Tom entered the apartment, followed by the other man. Mr. Thacker's apartment was in the rear of the building, and his sitting-room faced upon the long vista of yards, seventy odd feet below.

"Take a seat," said the tenant.

"Well, what have you to say to me?" said Tom, as he sat down.

"I presume you and Lawyer Downey are closely following the efforts of the police to capture the man who killed Mr. Gregory?" said Thacker, eyeing Tom with eyes half closed.

"I cannot say that I am following their movements any closer than to keep a sharp watch on the papers for any new developments in the case," replied Tom, eyeing the tenant of the top floor closely, for there was much about the man that he didn't like.

He did not seem to be the sort of person whom Mr. Gregory would be intimate with and, as a matter of fact, he had never heard his late employer mention Thacker's name. Nor as often as Tom had visited Mr. Gregory's apartment had he met this man there.

"Well, how about Mr. Downey? You are in charge of the money brokerage business under his direction. Naturally, you come together often. Whatever knowledge he has learned of the activity of the police in the case he has doubtless communicated to you. Mr. Gregory was a particular friend of mine and I am interested in finding out what prospect there is of the authorities locating the man responsible for his death," said Thacker.

Somehow or another Tom didn't like the tenant's way of interrogating him. He didn't believe that Thacker had been a particular friend of Mr. Gregory's. It struck him that this man had some other reason than what he gave for wishing to penetrate the movements of the police in the case. He began to entertain a strong suspicion of Thacker, though he would have found it hard to explain what his suspicions were based

on other than the man's general deportment and his curiosity respecting the police.

"I'm sorry, but I really can tell you nothing on the subject, Mr. Thacker," said the young money broker.

"You mean you won't tell me, isn't that it?" said Thacker, in a compressed tone.

"No, sir. I haven't the least idea what the police are doing to catch the murderer of Mr. Gregory."

"The police have the Malay head in their possession, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"What do they expect to make out of it?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"You saw the head yourself?"

"Yes."

"You handled it, I suppose?"

"Only to remove it out of sight of the cat."

"The cat!" almost hissed Thacker. "Where is that animal now?"

"It is being cared for by its new owner."

"But I understand that the cat was not for sale under the will."

"How did you learn that?" asked Tom quickly.

"Oh, I heard so. I thought maybe the police had the cat."

Tom made no reply.

"You don't answer."

"Are you interested in Cicero?"

"What are you getting at?"

"The question is plain enough."

"He is speaking about the late Mr. Gregory's cat," said the man with the silk hat, who was standing just behind Tom, smoking a cigar, and dropping the ashes on the handsome rug with little regard for that article.

"I was curious to learn what had become of the cat," said Thacker.

"The cat is safe and in good hands," replied Tom.

"Never mind the cat. You say you handled the Malay head. What did you make out of it?"

"That it was made of some substance like papier-mache, and was hollow like a mask."

As Tom spoke the idea that it might have served the purpose of a mask to hide the face of the man who had killed his employer first occurred to him. That might account for the rage and fear it had excited in Cicero in Tom's presence.

"Wasn't it an odd thing for Mr. Gregory to buy?"

"He didn't buy it."

"How do you know he didn't? It was found in his room," said Thacker sharply.

"His murderer brought it there."

Thacker gave a start.

"The police figure that way, do they?"

"I don't know, but I am certain of the fact."

"What makes you certain?"

"I have my reasons."

"Which you decline to tell me?"

"It can be a matter of no interest to you."

Tom's gaze at that moment rested on a large ring worn by Thacker. It bore a peculiar design that was most uncommon for the setting of a ring. It was the face and head of one of the fabled Furies whose hair consisted of squirming

snakes. It was a repulsive setting, quite as repulsive as the head of the Malay. This was not the first time Tom had seen that design, though the first time in tangible shape. When washing Cicero of the blood on its fur he had seen the facsimile impression of that ring setting in red under the animal's lower jaw. He was so impressed with the idea that here was a clue to the murderer that he refrained from washing away the mark, photographed it with his kodak and notified Police Headquarters. The detective in charge of the case came to his house, examined the mark carefully, commended him for taking a picture of it and took one of the developed films away with him. Up to this moment, however, nothing had come of the clue. Now, like a flash, Tom felt that he was in the presence not only of the original of that impression, but face to face with the murderer of Mr. Gregory.

CHAPTER IX.—'Twixt Life and Death.

"What are you looking at?" said Thacker suddenly.

"That ring you have on your finger," replied Tom.

"Don't you like it?" the man said, with a menacing kind of smile, the first time his features had relaxed during the interview.

"No, I don't. It's the sign of murder," said the boy.

"Murder!" ejaculated Thacker, with a dark look.

"I suppose you have nothing further to say to me, so I'll take my leave. My assistant must be through packing up Mr. Gregory's things by this time, and I have to pay the young woman for her services," said Tom, getting up, with a well-formed purpose in his mind to call up Police Headquarters the moment he got downstairs.

"Hold on," said Thacker, "I'm not through with you yet."

"I've given you all the time I can spare."

"I think you'll give me a little more. I want you to explain why you said this ring was the sign of murder? What did you mean?"

"It has a bad look," said Tom evasively.

"Is that all you mean?"

"That's enough, isn't it?"

Thacker looked over Tom's shoulder at the other man. That individual returned his gaze in a significant way.

"I think you're hiding something, young man," said Thacker.

"Look here, Mr. Thacker," said Tom, losing his patience, "why are you questioning me this way?"

"Because I mistrust you, my friend. That ring of mine seems to affect you. I want to know why."

"You sent for me because you had something important to tell me—something connected with my late employer. Instead of doing so you have done nothing but fire questions at me in a way that I don't like. I'll answer no more. I'm going downstairs."

"You're not going to leave this apartment till I'm through with you."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I'll stop you. I've made two or three attempts before to secure an interview with you, and as I'm not likely to have another chance soon, I propose to make the most of the present opportunity."

"You've had all the chance you're going to have," said Tom angrily. "I have no more time to waste on you."

"Sit down!" roared Thacker.

"No, I won't sit down," said Tom, starting for the door, but there he was met by the other man, who waved him back.

"What do you people mean by trying to intimidate me?"

"I've got my reasons," said Thacker.

"Yes, I guess you have," flashed back Tom. "You decoyed me here because you thought you could gain some information from me concerning the movements of the police in the Gregory case. A guilty man is always afraid of uncertainty."

Thacker sprang up with an imprecation.

"What do you mean by guilty?"

"I mean that you are the murderer of James Gregory!" cried Tom, forgetting his caution under the pressure of his feelings.

Thacker started back and turned livid, while the other man uttered an ejaculation.

"Cosgrove," cried Thacker, "you heard what this boy said?"

"I did," replied the man with the silk hat.

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Young man," said Cosgrove to Tom, "what do you mean by making such an accusation? Are you mad?"

"No, I'm not mad. I know what I'm talking about. I have all the evidence I want to satisfy the police that Mr. Thacker is the man."

"You have the evidence, eh?" said Thacker, with a strong accent on "You."

"Yes, I have."

"Produce it."

"You must think I'm a fool. I'll leave that for the police to do."

"Bah! Why should I kill James Gregory?"

"When a man enters another person's premises to rob he is prepared to kill to save himself from detection and arrest," hazarded Tom.

"Do you accuse me of being a thief, too?"

"You know best why you entered Mr. Gregory's rooms, with a hideous mask over your face to hide your identity," said Tom, making the assertion on the chance that he might hit the mark.

"On what ground do you make such a preposterous statement?"

"There was a witness."

"A witness!" gasped Thacker. "You lie! There was no one present but Mr. —"

"Thacker!" cried Cosgrove warningly. "What are you saying?"

"You have betrayed yourself, Mr. Thacker," said Tom coolly.

"You young imp!" hissed Thacker, rushing at him, but Cosgrove interfered.

"Keep cool, Thacker," he said.

"Cool! Cool, and hear that young whippersnapper lie to my face. Answer me! Who was this witness you assert saw me?"

"Cicero, the cat."

"The cat!" laughed Thacker sardonically. "If that's the only witness, then——"

"You have no fear, you think," said Tom. "Cicero can't talk or he would say things that would long ago have put you behind the bars, but he carries on his person a mark put there by you, and now that I have recognized that you carry that mark, Cicero shall bear witness against you and bring you to the electric chair."

"You have recognized that I carry the mark! What mark?"

"No matter, Mr. Thacker. -You simply made the mistake of your life in inviting me up here to your apartments. Until I stepped into this room the murderer of Mr. Gregory was wrapped in mystery, but now I have the evidence I've been looking for. It points to you as plain as a pike-staff, and when I leave this room it will be to summon the police to take you into custody."

Tom didn't realize in his excitement that he was making a blunder in speaking so plainly to the point. He presently had cause to regret it.

"Shut the door of this room, Cosgrove," said Thacker. "Now, young man, it is evident that you know too much. Persons who know too much often have their mouths sewed up. I shall have to treat you that way. You shall leave this room now, but not the way you came in. After you have left it you are welcome to notify the police as soon as you please. Open that window, Cosgrove."

The man with the plug hat did so. Tom, seeing trouble ahead, made a dash for the door. Before he could open it he was in Thacker's grasp.

"Don't get excited, my young friend. You were in the papers in connection with Gregory's murder. You'll be in them again to-morrow in connection with the accident which happened to you in this building. Cosgrove and I will report that while you were in this room talking with us you looked out of that window, lost your balance and fell to the yard below. You will go to the morgue, and not to the police, when you leave this building."

"Would you murder me as you did——"

"Gregory? Yes, for you are dangerous to my interests," hissed Thacker. "Now, Cosgrove, grab him and drag him to the window. We have no time to lose."

Tom put up a desperate struggle against the two men who were bent on passing him out of the way, but his strength was nothing as compared with theirs, and they had him half out of the window.

"Now, another shove and let him go!" said Thacker.

As he spoke the breeze wafted a long rope which was hanging down over the roof directly into the boy's hands. Like a crowing man grasping at a straw, Tom caught the rope. Then he was flung out of the window. Instead of descending like a stone, as the men expected him to do, he swung away from the window and came to a rest between that window and the one belonging to the next apartment.

"That kid!" roared Thacker, "he caught that rope!"

He tried to reach Tom, to shake him loose, but the boy was out of his reach.

"Never mind, he can't hold on there many minutes," said Cosgrove.

"He's trying to reach the next window."

"Let him try. He can't do it."

That was a fact, as Tom soon discovered. Realizing how desperate was his situation, he shouted for help.

"He'll arouse the neighborhood," said Thacker.

"Then we'll take a knife, go to the roof and cut the rope. No one will see us do it," said Cosgrove.

"That's just the thing," said Thacker.

As the men left the window two heads appeared over the edge of the roof. The heads belonged to Dan and the girl Jenny, who had gone to the roof to look around, and while seated there had been attracted by Tom's shouts.

"Good gracious! It's Tom Taylor, and he's hanging to that rope!" said Dan, quite staggered by the sight of his friend in such imminent peril. "How in creation did he get in such a situation?"

"The rope—quick!" cried the self-possessed and muscular girl. "We must pull him up before he loses his hold!"

They rushed over to the rope, the end of which was tied around the scuttle.

"Hold on, Tom, and don't struggle. We'll have you up in a minute!" cried Dan.

At that moment two men appeared on the roof and rushed at Dan and Jenny. The knife in the hands of one was suggestive of his purpose. The young people saw the men—Thacker and Cosgrove—coming and suspected, from their looks and actions, that they meant no good. But they could not stand the men off, for neither dared release the rope. That would mean death to the imperiled young money broker. A sudden drop of even six feet would shake him off the rope into the depths below. What were his rescuers to do?

CHAPTER X.—In Which Tom Escapes.

At that thrilling moment Finnegan appeared up the scuttle. He took in the situation at a glance, for Tom's shouts had attracted his attention, too, and he had looked from a window where he was doing a job for a tenant and had seen Tom's desperate predicament. That had sent him to the roof in double-quick time, and he arrived not a moment too soon. Springing out on the roof, he rushed between Thacker and Cosgrove and the rope which Dan and Jenny were slowly hauling up with its dangling living weight.

"What in thunder are you up to?" he demanded.

"Stand out of the way!" roared Thacker, flourishing the knife.

"And let you cut the rope, you scoundrel!" replied Finnegan. "I see myself doing it."

With a blow of his powerful fist he sent the knife hurtling across the roof. Then he made a grab at both men. With imprecations of rage at their discomfiture, for they both feared an encounter with the brawny janitor, they turned and fled back the way they came, disappearing down the adjoining scuttle, and hurriedly making their escape to the street. Finnegan started to follow them, and then recollecting the peril of the boy at the end of the rope, he rushed back and aided Dan and Jenny to pull him up.

"Hold on!" cried Finnegan to Dan and Jenny, as Tom's head appeared above the edge of the roof.

"Stop pulling. I'll grab him and then you can pull away again."

Finnegan went to the edge of the roof, got a good hold on Tom by the collar and yanked him over the edge as the others pulled once more. The moment he realized that he was saved the young money broker wilted. His strained nerves gave away all at once and he lay like one in a faint for some moments. Then he pulled himself together.

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked Finnegan.

"It means that your top floor tenant, Mr. Thacker, with the help of his friend, tried to kill me by throwing me from one of the windows of his apartment."

"Why should he do that?"

"Because he is the murderer of Mr. Gregory, and he knows I can prove it."

"What!" exclaimed Dan and Finnegan, in a breath, much astonished.

"You shall learn the facts later; we must try to catch them now."

"We'll never do that now, for they've reached the street before this," said the janitor.

"How do you know?"

Dan explained what had taken place on the roof.

"Then the police must be notified at once," said Tom.

He hurried downstairs, followed by the others, and was soon in communication with Police Headquarters. Two detectives were sent out to get the men, but as Thacker and Cosgrove had hastened to the Grand Central station, not far away, and boarded a train for Bridgeport, Connecticut, they were not found that night. Tom paid Jenny for her afternoon's work, and then added a \$10 bill for her help on the roof, promising her a present besides, which later on took the form of a new gown and hat to match, much to the young lady's satisfaction. On their way home Tom told Dan the particulars of the interview he had had with Thacker, and how he had identified him as the murderer of Mr. Gregory by the device of the ring on his finger, the impression of which, in red, still existed on Cicero's under jaw.

"They'll be caught, and Thacker will get what's coming to him—the electric chair," said Tom, "and Cosgrove will be punished for attempting my life."

"My, but you had a narrow escape, Tom," said Dan.

"It was the rope that saved me. But for that I should long since have been a corpse in the yard and the rascals would probably have got off scot free."

"It was lucky for you that it was hanging from the roof."

"That would have done me no good had not a gust of wind blown it into my hand at the critical moment."

"And suppose Jenny and I had not been on the roof at the time," said Dan.

"Or that Finnegan had not come up when he did—the chances are I'd never have escaped."

Tom did not tell his mother or sisters about his strenuous adventure when he got home, for he knew it would shock them. The cat was the first to greet him, as usual, rubbing up against his legs and purring loudly, then springing on a chair

and thence on to his shoulders, to rub his head against his new master's cheeks. If he still remembered his old master he was unable to give any evidence of that fact. Monday found Tom at his desk in the office at his usual time. About ten o'clock a policeman brought a summons for him and Flynn to appear at the trial of "Smith," on Wednesday, in one of the criminal courts. They appeared and testified, and the package of money and the steel rod with the hook was used as evidence against the thief. It was the rod and "Smith's" record that brought about his conviction, and he was sentenced to three years at Sing Sing. Tom got his \$100 back. In the meantime Tom had called on Lawyer Downey and told him how he had spotted the murderer of Mr. Gregory, together with his experience at the hands of Thacker and Cosgrove. The detective on the case had visited Thacker's apartment and searched it thoroughly. He found the long red beard which Tom and Dan both recognized as the one they had seen the night of the murder on the man who came to the front door after the crash of glass, and subsequently left the house.

Why Thacker had adopted such a course, instead of returning to his rooms and going to bed, was not quite clear. That he had worn the hideous Malay mask on that occasion was taken as a fact. Where he had obtained the head was still a mystery. Every curio store and theatrical costumer had been visited by detectives, but none of the proprietors appeared to know anything about the head. The conclusion reached was that it must have been purchased by Thacker from some sailor, or other person, who had brought it from the East.

An effort was made to locate this presumed person, but it was unsuccessful. It was about this time that Tom learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom J. & L. He bought 700 shares of the stock through Broker Duncan, at \$85, on margin. He had a ticker installed in his private room so he could keep track of the market all the time. Ten days later J. & L. went to par and Tom sold out at a profit of \$15 a share, adding \$10,500 to his private capital. Tom not only advertised regularly in all the Wall Street papers, and in a couple of the dailies, but he adopted the new plan of sending Flynn down to the principal steamship piers on the arrival of a boat from Europe to distribute his business circulars, printed in half a dozen languages.

In this way he secured a lot more trade than had never before got as far as his office. Later he improved on this by giving Flynn a bunch of money to make exchange on the spot. By this time Dan had become bookkeeper and counter clerk as well, attending to all the business Tom had looked after when Mr. Gregory was alive. Flynn, when in the office, waited on customers, just as Dan had done when he was not otherwise engaged. Tom himself also attended to customers now and then as Mr. Gregory had done, but, as a rule, his time was mostly taken up in his private room. As the days went by since the removal of Mr. Gregory's effects to the storage house, nothing was heard of either Thacker or Cosgrove. The former's apartment was locked up and practically in charge of Finnegan.

The landlord had no fear but he could recover

his rent by the ultimate sale of the tenant's effects through due process of law. The call loans were gradually settled by the borrowers, and at the end of three months the time loans had all been paid, so that nothing outside of the regular business now engaged Tom's attention. Trade was good, and though Tom made regular weekly reports to Mr. Downey, he was not asked to turn over any of his profits to the estate. The will distinctly stated that the young money broker was to be entitled to all profits from the start, without reference to the time when he came into legal possession, so that Tom had really been the boss of the business from the day of his late employer's death. The fact was not known in Wall Street that Tom was proprietor of the business.

The money brokerage office was considered to be a part of the Gregory estate, and Tom was regarded as simply the manager. The impression prevailed that the business would ultimately be sold, and no one doubted that it would fetch a good price. One morning Tom had a broker visitor named Graham.

"I've got some Northern Trolley stock here I'd like to get a loan on," he said.

"We are out of the loan business," said Tom. "Nothing has been doing in that line since Mr. Gregory died."

"I didn't know that," replied Graham. "Mr. Gregory always accommodated me when I wanted to raise small sums. We were old friends, and I preferred to come to him when I needed money to going to my bank or a regular money-lender."

"How much did you want to raise on your trolley stock? I'll go over and see Mr. Downey and find out whether, as a special favor, he'll let you have the money."

"I've got 2,000 shares. It's worth \$30. That is \$60,000. I'd like to get sixty per cent. at any rate, or a little over, say \$40,000."

"Northern Trolley is not very choice goods, Mr. Graham. I don't think Mr. Downey would let you have over \$30,000, if he consents to make a loan at all."

"I know, but he'll be taking no risk."

"Perhaps not, but the company has been in difficulties for some time, and is not in great favor in the Street. You wouldn't be able to raise over fifty per cent. of its market value at a bank, and I guess you'd find the money-lenders equally close."

"You seem to be well informed about the stock."

"I make it a practice to know what's going on down here."

"I could tell you something about that stock if you'll promise to keep it to yourself, and use your best endeavors to get me a sixty per cent. loan."

"I'll promise the former, but I would not like to commit myself to the latter. You see, if Mr. Downey makes the loan he'll be largely guided by what I say about the value of the security. Now, I can hardly advise him to loan anything more than anybody else would be likely to give. It wouldn't be fair."

"I admit that, ordinarily, but, you see, the price of Northern Trolley is going to be pushed up by a syndicate which has got control of it. This fact is known to very few outside of the ring. I got the tip from the secretary of the company, who is my son-in-law. Northern Trolley will be

selling at par, or 50, ten days from now. The rise is likely to begin at any moment now. If you negotiate this loan for me at sixty per cent. Mr. Downey will have \$100,000 worth of security instead of \$60,000. I want to use the money to buy another 1,000 shares. On the 3,000 I expect to make over \$50,000, probably \$60,000. It would not do for me to give these facts away at a bank, or to a money-lender. I am trusting you, however, and you may accept my word as a reputable Wall Street man that the facts are as I have stated."

"Very well, Mr. Graham, I will see what I can do for you. Come in at half-past two and I will let you know the result."

Tom succeeded in getting the lawyer to make the loan of \$40,000, and the boy brought a check for the sum to his office, after having it certified at the bank on the way. The loan was for ten days, at the current rate of interest. Graham called at half-past two.

"I've got the money for you, Mr. Graham," said Tom, and the young money broker showed him the check.

The broker thanked him and asked him what his commission would be for getting the money.

"I guess you can afford to pay me one per cent., if you anticipate making over \$50,000 on your deal," said Tom.

"I'll do a little better. I'll pay you \$500," said Graham.

He drew his check for that amount and handed it to Tom. Then he went away.

"I'd like to make \$500 every day as easily as that," thought Tom. "So a syndicate has secured control of Northern Trolley and is going to boom the price of its stock? That will be news to Wall Street when it gets out. I wonder if I can get hold of a few hundred shares and make a little out of the rise myself? I'll call on Duncan and give him an order to buy me, on margin, any part of 1,000 shares. Somebody might sell that amount short, for, as the market stands, there is more chance of it going down than up—that is, ordinarily."

It was close on to three then, so Tom put on his hat and went out.

CHAPTER XI.—Tom Strikes Luck With a Vengeance.

When he reached Duncan's office that gentleman was out and Tom sat down to wait for him. In a few minutes a broker named Nickerman came in to see the broker. Tom knew Nickerman and his reputation as a very foxy broker. The visitor nodded at him and then took possession of the next chair.

"How's things, Taylor?" he said, in his own peculiar way.

"Nothing to complain of, Mr. Nickerman. I needn't ask you how you are making out. You brokers generally manage to land on top."

"Say, Taylor, do you ever speculate?" he asked.

"Sometimes, when I see something real good in sight."

"Then you're lucky to run across me to-day. I've got a block of Pasadena Oil Refining Co.,

which came into my hands through foreclosure of a loan. It's a good thing, and I'll let you have it cheap—dirt cheap."

"Sorry, but I can't touch it. I'm looking around for some Northern Trolley."

"I'll sell you all the Northern Trolley you want."

"On margin?"

"Any way you want."

"Perhaps you'll sell me a ten-day option on Northern Trolley?"

Nickerman got up and looked at the tape. He found a number of sales at between 29 3-8 and 30.

"It's going at 30," he said. "What do you offer?"

"Thirty-two for 1,000 shares, with a five per cent. deposit on the current value."

Nickerman shook his head.

"Must have 33."

"I'll go you 32 1-2, but that's my limit."

Nickerman figured that he could go out and buy the stock for 30, so he consented to sell Tom a ten-day option for 32 1-2. Besides, Northern Trolley hadn't sold at over 31 and a fraction in a coon's age. In his opinion he had got hold of something easy in Tom. He went to a desk, made out the option, and Tom handed him \$1,500 deposit. Then Duncan came in and Tom was admitted to his private room.

"I want you to buy me 1,000 Northern Trolley at the market," said Tom.

"What do you want with Northern Trolley, Taylor," said Duncan. "There's nothing in it."

"Well, there's where we differ. I think there is a good deal in it."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I'm going to buy the road and run it for the benefit of the public," smiled Tom.

"Yes. I guess you are. So you really want me to fill your order?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, it's your funeral, not mine. I have advised you against it."

He took Tom's order and the young money-broker made way for Nickerman. The Exchange was closed, and Duncan put the order aside for execution in the morning, for, as a rule, there was plenty of Northern Trolley to be got anywhere. Nickerman had also made a note to buy the 1,000 shares in the morning to cover his option. He expected to make \$2,500 if the stock went up at all. If it didn't, which seemed most likely, and Tom let the option go by default, he would pocket the deposit. So either way he saw money coming to him out of the deal. But sometimes a person slips up on his calculations. Next morning, around ten, when Duncan and Nickerman bid for 1,000 shares of Northern Trolley there wasn't the rush to take them up they had expected.

"I will give 30 for 1,000 shares Northern Trolley," repeated Nickerman, wondering if the traders in that vicinity had suddenly become dead.

"Thirty for 1,000 Northern Traction," said Duncan, looking around.

There was nothing doing, and both brokers were surprised.

"Nobody around here appears to have the stock," said Nickerman to Duncan.

"It would seem so. I have an order to fill, and I'd like to get it off my hands," said Duncan.

"Usually when any broker whispers Northern Trolley he's surrounded. It's a bum stock. There was a lot of it sold yesterday, and the day before, and it didn't affect the price a bit."

After a little while the two brokers came back and bid again, but with the same result. Both were lost in wonder. Nickerman scratched his ear and began to consider if there was anything in the wind. At that moment a big broker came up and began to bellow:

"I'll give 30 1/2 for any part of 5,000 Northern Trolley. Thirty and three-quarters. Thirty-one."

Nickerman gasped. Even at that offer not a share came to the surface.

"Thirty-one and an eighth—a quarter—three-eighths—a half!" went on the big broker.

Still there was nothing doing. Nickerman nearly had a fit. He rushed out of the Exchange and began a tour of the offices looking for Northern Trolley. Nobody had any of it. In the course of an hour he was back at the Exchange, where he learned that the big broker had bought 2,000 shares of Northern Trolley for 35, but it was a wash sale, though, of course, nobody knew that. Nickerman began to have visions of a monetary loss. Already, if the advanced price held, he was \$2,500 to the bad on his option deal.

It was certainly a new sensation for Nickerman to feel that he was stuck on anything. It was mostly the other people who got stuck when dealing with him. Later the big broker came back and ran the price up to 40, at which another wash sale was made and a quotation established. In his office Tom noticed the rise to 35 and then to 40 and shook hands with himself.

"I am certainly striking luck in Wall Street," he said.

Ting-a-lin-a-ling! went the telephone.

"Well?" said Tom.

"This is Duncan. I can't fill your order to save my life. There's none to be got. That means a corner. Did somebody tip you off to it? It seemed strange to me that you'd want to buy the stock."

"I don't mind admitting that I was tipped off."

"Well, the tip came too late to do you any good."

"No; it didn't. Mr. Nickerman sold me an option on 1,000 shares at 32 1/2."

"The dickens he did! So that's why he was trying to buy 1,000 this morning. From present indications you've got him where his hair is short. And that's going some with a man of Nickerman's reputation. I congratulate you. We'll consider your order as cancelled, for there isn't the remotest chance of getting the stock at 30. It is up to 40 now."

"I know it is. I wonder how Nickerman feels about it?"

"Mad, I'll bet. If that stock should go to 50 he'll have a fit. In that case you'd get him for \$17,500."

"I expect it will go to 50."

"Good! I wish it would go to 60."

"No such luck, I guess, but 50 is pretty good."

"It certainly is. Good-by."

An hour later Northern Trolley registered 45, and closed that day at 48. Nickerman walked into Tom's office.

"Say, did you buy that option of me on the strength of a tip?" he said.

"I did."

"At what figure will you settle?"

"I'm not ready to settle yet. Northern Trolley is only up to 48."

"Only up to 48. How high do you expect it to go?" snorted the broker.

"One hundred, more or less."

"Talk sense. I'll give you my check for \$10,000, plus your deposit, and call it off."

"Couldn't think of it. Make it \$20,000 and I'll talk to you."

"Your gall is superior to your good looks."

"I think I'm letting you off easy. A syndicate has cornered every share on the market and there is no limit to the price it can ask."

"There's a limit to the price the stock will fetch. If those people try to unload they won't get 45."

"I'm willing to take a chance on what they can hold the stock at."

"I'll give you \$12,000."

"Nothing doing, Mr. Nickerman," said Tom, with a smile, whereupon the broker went away mad.

Next morning the Wall Street and other papers printed the news that Northern Trolley had been acquired by the Jarboe-Bradley-Sanderson interests, and would be reorganized, extended and recapitalized. That explained the situation. Everybody knew that a piece of high finance had been executed, and that hereafter the stock might be expected to sell at par. That day the price was advanced to 60, and was held there. The syndicate then began to unload. When Tom saw that sales were being made he called on Nickerman for the stock.

"You know I haven't got it," growled the broker.

"Go out and buy it, then, at 60, or settle with me at 59½."

Nickerman settled with him and Tom made \$27,000 profit.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Labor Day came around and Tom was invited by a well-known broker to join his party on a yachting trip that would cover several days. The steam yacht Neptune had been secured for the occasion, and the party were going as far as Bar Harbor on the Maine coast. Professor Jardine, an eminent authority on all animate and inanimate things connected with the sea and the seashore, had been invited to join the party. The professor was now a new book, and was looking for fresh data. He was promised ample opportunity on the trip to gather it. So he packed his grip and joined the party, and so did Tom, who felt he needed some recreation, especially as the business had just been legally made over to him through the Surrogate's Court, after he had submitted a report on Cicero which showed that the animal was thriving finely in his hands. The start

was to be made on the Saturday afternoon preceding Labor Day. As Tom did not know just what day he would get back he gave Dan full instructions about running the office during his absence. The yacht received her passengers at one of the Brooklyn docks, and at three o'clock started eastward toward the Sound. The weather was fine, and the yacht made good time, sighting Boston Harbor on Sunday forenoon. The idea of the broker who headed the cruise, whose name was Castle, was to keep close in to land most of the way. The larder of the yacht was stocked with the best the market afforded, including a select assortment of wet goods, in which Tom had only a negative interest, and the cook knew his business, so that during the short trip the young money broker, in common with the rest of the party, lived on the fat of the land.

Although Professor Jardine was a big gun in his line, and the brokers naturally accorded him the most profound respect, they were not particularly interested in his learned disquisitions on crabs, jelly fish, sea birds, and other things of that nature, and so it came to pass the professor attached himself more to Tom than the others because he showed himself a respectful listener. The yacht put in at Swampscott for an hour, as Mr. Castle wished to call on an old friend who was stopping there. All the brokers went ashore with him, leaving the professor and Tom on board. They were standing by the rail looking seaward when a piece of sea-weed came floating by the vessel. It consisted of a long, cylindrical hollow stem, gradually expanding into a leaf some ten inches in breadth.

The professor showed a tremendous interest in it, and Tom had to get one of the crew to fish it aboard. The New England fishermen call this plant the "Devil's Apron." The professor grasped with avidity the roots of the weed, and after looking at it attentively pointed out to Tom about a dozen snake-armed starfish.

"This species," he said, "is found only in deep water, and can only be got by dredging. It consists, you observe, of a small central disk," and the learned gentleman, now in his element, went on to instruct Tom in all the intricacies of that particular piece of sea-grass.

In the course of his lecture he pointed out what looked like a large drop of blood and Tom learned that it was an ascidian. The professor then took up the subject of ascidians, and what the young money broker didn't learn about them is hardly worth mentioning. The next thing the professor discovered in the weed was a gastropod mollusk—a limpet with a broad shell, in shape like a depressed cone—and the subject turned to mollusks in general. Altogether the professor found about twenty species of marine animals, and several marine plants, on the piece of seaweed, which showed how familiar he was with such things, and how what looked like an unimportant piece of sea-grass to Tom was really a most interesting museum in itself.

On Labor Day the yacht came to anchor in Oldport, on the coast of Maine. All hands went ashore to get a brief glimpse of the town. It was a retired seaside hamlet, frequented in summer by a crowd of the better class summer visitors, and the season was now ending.

The two big hotels closed with Labor Day, but the Oldport Inn kept open all year round. The yachting party went into the inn barroom to have a round of drinks, and as Tom did not indulge in that kind of refreshment, he strolled around outside. Passing an open window he casually glanced into a small room where two men and two chaps who looked like swell college boys were seated at a table paying cards.

A single glance at the men revealed to Tom their identity. He found himself gazing upon the two rascals so badly wanted by the New York police—namely, Thacker and Cosgrove. They were dressed in swell style, and looked most prosperous.

Tom did not linger at the window after he found out who the men were. What concerned him now was the immediate arrest of the pair.

The young money broker hurried around to the barroom to consult with Broker Castle, for all the Wall Street men had gone off somewhere. In a chair on the veranda sat Professor Jardine, looking somewhat lonesome.

"Ah, my good friend!" he exclaimed on seeing Tom. "You are just in time to listen to a few words about——"

"I'm sorry, professor, but I've something very important on the hooks at this moment. You remember the murder of Mr. Gregory of New York—I was talking to you about it last night."

"Yes, yes."

"I have just discovered the two men, here, in this building."

"Is it possible?"

"And I propose to have them arrested at once."

"You should do so by all means."

"Come with me to the proprietor of the house."

They found that personage and Tom laid the facts before him.

"You must see the constable of the village,"

said the proprietor. "I'll send a boy with you to show you where he lives. The constable will take you to the justice, who will issue the necessary warrant for the men's arrest and then the officer will execute it."

A short walk took them to the constable's cottage. He heard Tom's story with surprise.

"Are you certain they are the men?" he said.

"Positive," replied the young money broker.

"Then you must swear out a warrant. Come with me to the justice."

The warrant was issued and accompanied by the constable and one assistant, Tom returned to the inn and reconnoitered the room where he had seen his quarry. The card playing was still going on. Five minutes later Thacker and Cosgrove were under arrest and on their way to the lock-up.

Within the hour the men were brought before the justice, and on Tom's positive identification the men were held pending their extradition to New York.

Tom notified Police Headquarters over the long distance telephone, and the detective in charge of the Gregory case, with his side partner, started for Oldport late that afternoon.

The prisoners in the meanwhile were removed to the county jail in Rockland, and in due time were taken to New York, where they were tried for their crimes.

Thacker went to the electric chair, and Cicero had a large share in doing it, while Cosgrove got twenty years at Sing Sing.

My story is done, for with a matter of \$50,000 in cash and a valuable business to engross his attention and energies, I have shown how a young broker struck it rich in Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "THE WAY TO FAME; OR, THE SUCCESS OF A YOUNG DRAMATIST."

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE next number of "Mystery Magazine," No. 95, out October 15, will be double its present thickness. It will have a new cover of poster design, the type will be larger, and it will contain only stories by the most brilliant writers in the world. Its inside title-pages will be handsomely illustrated. There will be sixty-four pages of gripping reading matter. No amount of money and brains have been spared to make it the very best magazine on the market.

REAL MONEY GIVEN AWAY!

A CASH PRIZE CONTEST BEGINS
IN "MYSTERY MAGAZINE" No. 95

A short story will be published. It ends, leaving

the mystery unsolved. We will pay One Hundred Dollars for the most correct explanations of the mystery, distributed as follows:

\$50.00 for the best answer,
25.00 for the second best,
10.00 for the third best,
5.00 each for the 4th, 5th and 6th best.

There will be three responsible judges, and if a tie occurs each contestant will receive an equal prize. There is no humbug about this contest. Genuine money will be sent to the winners. Full details will be given in No. 95, out October 15. Be sure to get a copy, and try your luck. Tell all your friends about it.

Order A Copy Now! Order A Copy Now!

CURRENT NEWS

WATER PIPES FOR CELL BARS.

The latest idea of prison construction is to use for bars metal pipes filled with water kept under high pressure by connection with a central pump. The slightest break in any bar would cause a jet of water to spurt, and the leakage would be registered at once on a dial at the central pump.

GREATEST PHOSPHATE BED FOUND IN IDAHO.

A deposit of rock phosphate several times as large as all other deposits in the world put together has recently been discovered in Idaho. Phosphate is the great fertilizer for soil, without which agriculture would perish.

Phosphate rock of this sort used to sell before the war for from \$4 to \$5 a ton. Experts of the United States Geological Survey and the State of Idaho estimate that there are in this one deposit fully one hundred billion tons. The field is about 500 miles long, 300 miles wide, and is situated in the eastern counties of Idaho, the western counties of Wyoming and extends into Montana on the north and Utah on the south.

SERGT. ADKINS SETS NEW WORLD MARK WITH 71 BULL'S EYES.

A new world's record was established here on the 1,000-yard range when Sergeant John W. Adkins, United States marine, had a run of 71 bullseyes without a miss, it was announced at Camp Perry, Ohio. This is said to exceed the previous record of 32 bullseyes.

The new record was made in the Remington Cup match, and gives Sergeant Adkins the first prize in that event. He was still on the range when his team captain stopped him because of darkness. Sergeant Ernest Stake and C. Crowley, both of the United States Marines, each had a string of 16 bullseyes for second place.

Last night's bulletin announced that Crowley had won the match, but to-day's tabulation revealed that was an error.

NUNS ENFORCE DRESS RULES.

Standardized dress with long sleeves and bar on rouge and powder are a part of the dress reform rules laid down for the coming school year by St. Ursula's Academy and the Notre Dame Academy, both convent schools of Toledo.

St. Ursula will permit a simple frock made of any material except silk, satin or velvet to be worn. It must be made regulation style, straight from the knee, with two box pleats and a single belt. Low heeled slippers, moderate neck lines and a Tam o' Shanter or simple hat are decreed.

At Notre Dame, a pleated dress, resembling the Pease Pie, made of either serge or a similar material, must be worn. These dresses have black skirts, plain waists, long sleeves and

sailor collars. The dresses must be made of a dark, sensible color.

BIRDS CROSS LAKE ON STEAMER.

Land birds for from land form one of the sights to be witnessed by passengers on board the steamboats crossing Lake Michigan, says the *Detriot News*. This is said to be especially the case on the steamboats of a line plying between Muskegon and Chicago, a distance of 100 miles. The steamboats sail after dark.

At sundown the spars and rigging of the vessels in the dock form good resting places for the land birds. When darkness comes and the boats begin to move it is too late for them to go ashore.

It is said to be no uncommon thing for the passengers to see a strange sight just between daybreak and sunrise. The birds are waking up and find themselves some thirty odd miles from land. They circle about the boat until they are compelled to rest on the rigging, some of them seeming much perplexed, while others make the best of circumstances.

On one trip two yellowhammers or flickers were among the company, as well as a silent little sapsucker that pecked away at ropes and spars as if he were breakfasting heartily on grubs. There was a frightened brown thrush as well as a pair of tiny wrens, and several grass sparrows.

The birds accompany the vessel until it reaches the other port and then fly ashore.

CONVICT WANTS TO GO BACK.

Eight years within the walls of San Quentin destroyed all desire of Leo Ricci of Sacramento to be a free man. After being at liberty just two weeks he returned to the gates of the State prison and the other day pleaded with prison authorities to return him to his old cell, the only home he knew.

Ricci was sentenced for manslaughter after a killing in a little town near Sacramento. Two weeks ago he was given his freedom, a suit of clothing and \$5 and he started for San Francisco to enjoy life, as he thought. But he discovered that \$5 was not as it used to be. Gone were the free lunches and the cup that cheered the days of his young manhood. One look at the rush of strangers in Market street and he was homesick for the home folks in San Quentin. One square meal cost him practically his entire "roll," but he managed to save enough for fare back to San Rafael.

He was found sleeping this morning in the grass just outside of the new cell building. He knew that this was a violation of the prison rules for a convict to return to prison property and hoped that the infraction would secure his reincarceration. He was haled before Myron Clark, captain of the prison guard, and begged to be taken back.

Clark instead, brought him to San Rafael and asked the co-operation of local authorities in finding him a job.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lew Rand Springs a Surprise on the Other Side In the Winslow Case.

There was a brace of yells from the astonished men as they were thrown into the water, and not troubling himself any further about them, Lew turned to the far shore and quietly swam away.

When he reached the dry land he made for the road, and then ran all the way to his home in his wet clothing, reaching his house at four o'clock in the morning, and there he changed to dry clothing and went to bed.

Lew Rand slept until eight o'clock, and then got up feeling as well as ever he did in his life.

The Winslow case was very close at hand now, and Lew believed that Morgan Drake would try something desperate for his next move. With this idea in his mind he sent the servant out to telephone for Eddie Blakesley while he was eating his breakfast, and the office boy came in before he had finished his meal. Lew told him what had taken place and Eddie opened his eyes with astonishment.

"I want you to stick close to me, Eddie," said the young lawyer, "and act as a sort of body-guard until we are through with this business. You go out and telephone for Jimmy Mack to come here, and until this matter is settled you and I will ride around in Jimmy's coach."

This plan was followed out very strictly by our hero.

So the day and the night passed in safety and the morning of the trial came and the young lawyer made ready for his fight against a fraud.

It was with a sigh of relief that Lew Rand sat down in the courtroom, for John Scribner had entrusted him with an important case, and he felt responsible for the result. Duncan Sniffen came in soon afterward and greeted him with a very friendly nod that did not deceive Lew in the least.

A moment later Mrs. Winslow came feebly into the courtroom, supported by Luby and Dupree, the two witnesses Lew had seen at Sniffen's office.

After her came the physician who had attended her.

The case was called, both sides answered ready, and a jury was obtained without difficulty. Then Sniffen made his opening address to the jury, telling of the long suffering of his client through the carelessness of the railroad company, and winding up by saying that he would prove by

medical testimony that she would be an invalid for life.

Then the plaintiff took the stand, and under the skillful questioning of Sniffen, told the story of the accident and her subsequent sufferings.

Lew cross-examined her.

"Mrs. Winslow, you say that you signalled to the conductor to stop, that he pulled the bell, that the car came to a stop, and that just when you were about to alight and had one foot on the ground and the other on the step of the car the conductor pulled the bell and the car started suddenly, throwing you to the street and dragging you several feet. Is that right?"

"Yes, that is what happened."

"That is all."

Then John Luby and Frank Dupree came in rapid succession, each telling the story that Lew had heard told in Sniffen's office the day he called to have service in a suit acknowledged. Lew asked each of them the same questions.

"You say that you were both standing on the corner when the car rounded the curve, that you saw the conductor ring the bell, saw the car stop, saw the plaintiff about to alight, saw her with one foot on the ground and one on the step of the car, saw the conductor pull the bell while she was in that position, saw the car start suddenly, saw the plaintiff thrown to the street and dragged several feet before the car stopped again, and that you and your companion ran to the woman's assistance at once. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"That is all."

Then the doctor testified to the sufferings of Mrs. Winslow, and said that in his opinion she would be a nervous wreck as long as she lived.

Sniffen rested his case, and then Lew arose for the defense, casting a satisfied glance over to one corner of the big courtroom, where a man stood at the side of something several feet high, covered with a black cloth.

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury," began Lew, "I, a very youthful and inexperienced lawyer, am called upon to defend a case in which my client may be assessed in damages to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and if I make strange and unusual requests of this court and jury, I beg that it will be believed that they arise from the appreciation of the immense responsibility that rests on my shoulders."

"The defense in this case is the most peculiar, according to my limited experience, that has ever been offered in court, but I speak wholly within the limits of probability when I say to you, gentlemen, that I am confident that the case will in a short time be made plain to you as a fraud built upon a clever conspiracy."

Sniffen shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Once more I say to this court and jury," continued Lew, "that I will fully and clearly establish the fraud in this case, and as the first step in the matter I ask the court to direct that Luby and Dupree, the two witnesses who testified to seeing the accident and then running to the woman's aid, stand up for inspection."

The order was given and Luby and Dupree stood up.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

HELD UP UTAH MAN TWICE IN ONE NIGHT.

Three bandits, led by a girl in khaki, held up Peter Verdi twice in one night. The first time they took \$1.50 from him and told him to "beat it." Taking a short cut home he met the bandits again. "It's the same bird," said one of the bandits in disgust, and kicked him on his way.

MILK BATH SAVES CALF IN BEEHIVE.

Nearly stung to death by bees, the life of a blooded calf five months old, belonging to Melvin Parks, a farmer at Cooks Falls, N. Y., was saved by prompt application of a buttermilk bath. The animal had been tied by a rope to a crowbar set in the meadow a short distance from the hive of bees and the rope became wound about the hive, whereupon hundreds of bees attacked the calf.

MAKES BASEBALL RECORD.

Irving Wallace, catcher for a local semi-professional baseball team, established what was said to be a new world's record for circling the bases. Wallace made the circuit in 13 seconds, eclipsing the former record made by Archdeacon of the Rochester International League team.

Archdeacon's record of 13 2-5 seconds was made at Rochester on Aug. 26, and broke Hans Lobert's record of 13 4-5 seconds, made on Oct. 9, 1910.

STEALS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A thief broke open a locker in the First Methodist Church, Mount Vernon, and stole 44 cents, the contributions of children in the Sunday school. He also took a raincoat and a pair of shoes belonging to the sexton, Charles Miller. Last winter a thief stole the sexton's overcoat, a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes and the police believe the same crook returned last night to outfit himself for this fall.

So many robberies have occurred in Mount Vernon in the last few weeks that the police have issued a warning to all storekeepers and householders to keep doors and windows securely fastened.

WOMEN PRINTERS WIN HIGH POSTS IN GOVERNMENT SHOP.

Public Printer George H. Carter announced recently the appointment of three women in prominent positions in the Government Printing Office.

The appointments include Miss Josephine G. Adams of the District of Columbia as Assistant Superintendent of Documents at a salary of \$2,500 a year; Miss Martha Feehan of New York, assistant foreman of the day proof section, \$2,300 a year, and Miss Mary T. Spalding of Maryland, assistant foreman in charge of the machine sewing section of the bindery, at a salary of 80 cents per hour.

This is the first time in the history of the Government Printing Office that women have been promoted to such responsible positions.

Mr. Carter stated that all of the women thus advanced by him had merited their promotions by long and faithful service and were deemed especially fitted for the new positions to which they have been assigned.

These appointments, he added, are in line with his policy to give suitable recognition to women employees of the Government Printing Office, who number more than 1,000, or nearly one-quarter of the personnel of that great establishment.

Miss Feehan, who becomes assistant foreman of the day proof section, which numbers nearly 200 employees, was born in Ovid, N. Y., but is now a legal resident of New York City, where she cast her first ballot last fall. She is an active Republican worker.

Previous to coming to Washington in 1914 she was in newspaper work at Ovid, Interlaken and Honeoye Falls, N. Y. In the Government Printing Office she has served successfully as a press-feeder, copyholder, compositor and proofreader.

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Under Suspicion.

By PAUL BRADDON

Col. Artemus King was the owner of the fine yacht which rocked at anchor in the harbor of Santos, Brazil. Many an admiring glance the natty little craft, with its trim schooner rig and white hull, drew from native as well as foreign sailors.

The crew of the *Americus*, as the yacht was named, consisted of four seamen, cook and skipper.

Col. King was a New York millionaire, who was traveling around the world for diversion.

And he had selected as company four smart young men from Columbia College, who had laid aside their alma mater long enough to indulge in a trip to Brazil aboard the *Americus*.

Who would not jump at such a chance?

"The boys will learn more of the world by experience than from books," declared Col. King, sagely. "Take my word for it."

The names of the four lucky young collegians were Tom Cushman, Fred Favar, Alex Campbell and Martin Smith. All were youths of good family, and mutually fast friends.

Santos, the city of pestilence, the home of yellow fever and smallpox, is, nevertheless, one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

And such our four Americans thought it as they now gazed upon it for the first time.

They had been many days on the yacht, and, naturally, were anxious to set foot on shore once more.

But there were many good reasons why it was hardly safe for them to do so. Col. King hesitated some time.

The Republic of Brazil was in the throes of civil war. The insurgents under Admiral Mello had blockaded the port, and it was even risky for a foreign vessel to remain there.

There was much firing from the Brazilian warships upon the land batteries. It was rumored that the insurgents were likely to attack the place at any moment.

President Peixoto of the Republic had no idea of allowing them to accomplish this end if he could help it. But it seemed certain that Santos would go over to the insurgents.

With this unsettled feeling, it can be understood how risky a thing it was to set foot ashore. Lawlessness and even brigandage prevailed in the country about Santos, and even pervaded the town.

Yet the boys cast longing glances ashore. However, they resisted the inclination to go until Pedro Gomez, a washer of clothing from the shore, came alongside begging the laundry work of the yacht.

He was a sallow, black-eyed fellow with a restless manner and considerable braggadocio. He averred that he was a staunch supporter of Peixoto.

"No monarchy for me!" he cried. "Peste! we have suffered enough under the emperor. The Republic forever! Santa Maria, defend it!"

"Republics are always superior to monarchies," declared Col. King heartily. "My honest fellow, what think you? Is it safe for these young men to go ashore?"

Pedro laughed in his peculiar way.

"Certain, senior," he replied, positively. "They are American citizens. We have no quarrel with the United States."

"Will you undertake for good pay to safely guide them about the city?"

Pedro almost went down on his knees. He crossed himself and called on the saints. He swore by all that was sacred.

This settled the matter. The colonel at all times disliked to refuse the boys a favor. The result was that they carried their point. They were to go ashore and Pedro was to guide them.

The Brazilian now became talkative. He seemed to be a clever, good-natured fellow, and Col. King trusted him. He was exceedingly sorry afterwards that he had.

Just as the boys were getting ready to go ashore the man at the wheel shouted "Ahoy!"

Col. King rushed to the rail. A longboat, all glittering with brass work and carrying a dozen armed marines in the uniform of the Republic was coming dancing over the waves toward the yacht.

"Ahoy!" came back the hail in Spanish. "What craft are you?"

Fortunately Col. King understood the Spanish language. So he replied:

"This is the yacht *Americus* of New York, U. S. A."

No reply came back. The longboat was twice rowed about the yacht, while the officer in the bow closely studied it with his glass.

Then he saluted, and the boat was rowed away. All this while Pedro Gomez had remained silent.

Col. King was puzzled.

"That is very queer!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what they think of us? Perhaps they regard us as foes. Maybe they consider this a new kind of torpedo boat."

As the colonel spoke he turned an inquiring gaze upon Gomez; but that worthy shook his head.

"No harm, senior," he said. "They admire your boat, that is all. They pay you a compliment."

The colonel was at once disarmed. This certainly did look reasonable. He accepted the explanation.

A short while later the boys were off. Shore leave—this was what it was, and the homesick midgy or apprentice on board a man-o'-war can alone appreciate the feelings of the four boys.

In due time they reached the quay. Here Gomez found a safe harbor for the boat; then all climbed upon the wharf.

The scene was not unlike that of any South American city. Groups of half-breeds, natives and Spaniards, were lounging about the wharves, and it was not until the boys had reached the business streets that they felt quite secure.

"Humph!" exclaimed Tom Cushman. "I don't see why we are not getting along all right. What nonsense to be afraid."

"That's what I say," cried Alex Campbell. "I think the colonel was unduly alarmed."

"Let's pitch in for a good time!" cried Fred

Favar. "I'm not afraid of any of these puny-looking, yellow-skinned rascals!"

And, indeed, the Brazilians did look puny beside the stout, strapping American boys. The South American is rarely a large man. But Martin Smith was cautious.

"That's all right," he declared, "but I tell you to all keep your wits about you. There's a couple of fellows who have followed us all the way from the wharves."

"Where?" chorused the others.

"They are just crossing the street."

All looked in the direction indicated, and saw a couple of slender built men, dressed in rough garb, with broad-brimmed white hats.

They looked like villains, but Gomez, who had heard all, only grinned and said:

"Fear not, senors; they are only planters."

The boys now "pitched in for a good time." They visited all the large shops and patronized many of them liberally. Many choice curios were procured.

"Now, Pedro," cried Tom Cushman, hilariously, "you're a jolly old chap. Take us to a good cafe. We are hungry."

"I will obey!"

With this the Spaniard led the way into another street. At this moment Martin Smith clutched Tom's arm and hoarsely whispered:

"I tell you we are being followed! Look behind and see!"

Tom did so. He saw several rough-looking men, armed with stout sticks coming directly toward them. Gomez turned his head and at sight of them dropped a Spanish oath.

"Diablo!" he gasped. "Piexoto's police! Run, senors, run!"

And away he cut down the side street and was out of sight. The boys were for a moment dumfounded.

"Great Jericho!" cried Tom. "I've a mind to follow him!"

"No, no!" cried Fred Favar. "We've done nothing wrong. We are not afraid to face these men! Hang to your canes!"

In an instant the police, if such they were, had surrounded the boys. The leader made gestures that they were to walk under guard without resistance, probably to a prison.

"Planters!" he cried in broken English. "Spies and thieves, we arrest you in the name of the republic!"

"Nonsense!" cried Tom Cushman in Spanish. "You are fools! We are American citizens, and belong to the yacht Americus. You have no right to arrest us."

The officer without a word further up with his club and struck Tom. It was a brutal blow, and had it not been a glancing one, might have been serious. Tom nearly went down, and for a moment his head swam.

"Coward!" yelled Fred Favar. "What did you hit him for?"

And swift as a flash Fred let out with his fist. The Brazilian went down as if kicked by a mule.

In an instant all was bedlam in the street. From doors and alleys, from everywhere the incongruous South Americans rushed with yells and cries. They had been watching the scene,

Now the knocking down of the officer was accepted as clear proof by the Brazilians of the guilt of the strangers. They were certainly enemies of the republic. The hue and cry was raised. Instinctively the four boys closed in.

"Quick, boys!" cried Tom Cushman, "follow me. Remember that we can die like true Americans."

This brought a cheer from their lips, and they followed brave Tom. The latter had seen a point of vantage in a broad doorway back of huge stone pillars. What was the character of the building Tom knew not, nor did he have time to investigate.

Up onto the portico surged the maddened and ignorant people. Fred Favar caught one a terrific blow in the mouth with his fist.

Alex Campbell drove his cane into the breast of another, knocking him down. On the other side of the pillar Tom Cushman whirled his cane aloft and brought it down upon the head of a black rascal who was trying to close on him. Martin Smith, who was plucky enough when needed, was wielding his cane vigorously.

But it was certain that the four boys would have been murdered then and there by the excited and infuriated populace, had it not been for a sudden intervention. There was the roll of a drum, and into the street burst a squad of soldiers. The mob gave way, and the boys saw that it was no use to contend against the steel bayonets. They accordingly surrendered. Then the military officer, a bewhiskered, pompous little fellow, motioned the prisoners to fall into line. It was now noticed that Martin Smith was not with them.

With horror the boys instinctively looked to see if his dead body lay on the flagstones. But it did not. Martin had mysteriously disappeared.

The boys were marched away, and in less than twenty minutes they were languishing in a Brazilian prison.

But what of Martin Smith?

He managed to slip out of sight behind the pillars and found himself in a deep entrance to a wide hall. It seemed some public building, but he dashed through the hall and came out by an exit into another street. Martin remembered having the house of the United States consul pointed out to him by Gomez, and he wandered from one street to another trying to find it.

It was some hours later, and he was nigh exhausted when he spied it. A white-bearded and mustached gentleman was coming down the long walk, and Martin saw that he was an American. It proved to be the consul. He listened to Martin's story in amazement.

The consul hurried to the prison at once. There was a lively squabble, but the United States stood back of him, and he won.

The boys were released very reluctantly. The consul saw them down to their boat that evening.

Col. King was convulsed when he heard the story. But he was reconciled in the safety of the boys. The *Americus* weighed anchor the next morning and left Santos. But none in the party have yet forgotten their thrilling experiences, while under suspicion in war-torn Brazil.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

A 4000-POUND DEMOLITION BOMB.

According to Army Ordnance, the progress in the size of bombs continues at a rapid rate. Illustrations are given of the new 200-pound bomb, of the kind which sank the "Ostfriesland" in the tests described in these columns recently, and of a 400-pound bomb. The 200-pound bomb is a little over 13½ feet long, about 19 inches in diameter, and carries 1000 pounds of explosive. The 4000-pound bomb, 13½ feet long, and about 23 inches in diameter, carries one ton of explosive.

COMPLETION OF HOOKER TELESCOPE.

Dr. Hale's last annual report, as director of Mount Wilson Observatory, states that with the completion of the observing platforms at the principal and Cassegrainian foci and the installation of the constant-temperature control system for the 100-inch mirror, the great Hooker telescope—the largest in the world—is now essentially complete, though "work on its accessory instruments will be continued as long as new and promising devices are in view.

GOLD MINING AT CONEY ISLAND.

Of the many varied and extraordinary sights at Coney Island, New York, none is more surprising than to find men digging in the sand of the beach for gold and precious stones. Some of them make a regular business of it, wearing hip boots like placer miners of the '49s and armed with shovels and sieves. On good days the "dirt" has paid as high as \$30. This search for gold differs from mining in the West or elsewhere, however, in that rings, chains, stick-pins, lockets, etc., are recovered. What the patient men dig up is, of course, the jewelry which careless bathers who frequent the beach by the tens of thousands have lost. No doubt the original owners of these treasured articles have assumed that their recovery was absolutely out of the question.

DEER JUMPS INTO MILL.

A doe about the size of a Newfoundland dog performed a series of exciting stunts after it had been caught in a traffic jam on the Globe Bridge, Woonsocket, R. I., recently. The deer appeared suddenly in South Main street and headed for

the business section of the city, but after she had held the right of way in that thoroughfare for some time she leaped over the railing of the bridge, landed on the roof of the Fall Yarn Mill, crashed through a skylight and fell nineteen feet into a dye vat partly filled with water.

Before the half dozen men in the room could act the doe swam to the edge of the vat, clambered out, leaped through a window and fell sixteen feet to the rocks on the bed of the Blackstone River. She crawled to the bank, where persons who had seen her go over the bridge caught her. She was taken to the police station in an automobile, locked in a box stall and later taken to the country by a deputy game warden and released.

LAUGHS

The Judge—Well, sir, have you anything to say? The Lawyer—No, sir. But if your honor were a mind-reader, you would fine me for contempt of court.

Uncle James—Never drive away a black cat, Willie. Little Willie—Why, uncle? Uncle James—Because they always bring luck, of course. Little Willie—Yes, but you only put them in a pail and drown them, so what can it matter?

Little Frank—Mamma, please tell me how father got to know you. Mother—One day I fell into a deep river, and your father jumped in and saved me. Little Frank—Well, that's funny; he won't let me learn how to swim.

"So your wife refused to marry you when you first proposed to her. Did you keep on pursuing her till she consented?" "Not much! I went out and made a fortune. When I came back it was she who did the pursuing."

"From the grammatical standpoint," said the fair maid with the lofty forehead, "which do you consider correct, 'I had rather go home,' or 'I would rather go home?'" "Neither," promptly responded the young man. "I'd much rather stay here."

Mistress—Norah, I told you to give that man with the hand-organ a quarter to go down to the next block and grind his machine in front of Mrs. Upps-Tart's house—and he's out here on our sidewalk again. Norah—Yis, mum. He says the leddy in the next block give 'im half a dollar to come back here, mum.

They were getting a kindergarten lesson. The teacher taught them very simple subjects. She touched a table. "What is this?" "Wood." "What is this?" she asked, as she touched the fender. "Iron." "What is this?" indicating a bottle. "Glass." "What is this?" and she touched her watch-chain. "Brass," said the small boy, and she changed the subject.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ELEPHANTS RAID A RAILROAD STATION.

We are used to stories of how an elephant occasionally upsets a circus but it is rare we hear of an orgy of destruction like that which occurred in the Malay Peninsula. A herd of wild elephants attacked a railway station, pulling down the station-master's kitchen and bathroom. They did the same to the clerk's quarters and then tackled the station while the office force looked on from trees. One elephant took off an automatic weighing machine as a souvenir of the raid, but finding it heavy, threw it down on the track. One of the elephants trumpeted the recall and they all went back into the jungle except one who fell in a well and had to be cut out by human aid, but was not detained. By the time help arrived after a general telegraphic alarm the huge beasts had entirely disappeared.

"DEVIL'S FINGERTIP" WORTH \$5,000,000.

Primitive people have an uncanny instinct for naming things accurately. Centuries after the natives had named a hill outside of the city of Durango, Mexico, "The Devil's Finger Tip," science came along and solemnly announced that it was formed of hematite, and had apparently been pushed up through the earth's surface from molten masses far below.

This iron hill rises for 700 feet sheer above the surrounding plain, and is said to contain 100,000 tons of high-grade ore rated at 70 per cent. in iron content.

In a report made just before the World War a British expert said that the iron in the hill is worth \$5,000,000,000, or would be if so located as to assure protection in the operation of the property.

Put in another way, Mercado Mountain, for the hill is so named after the Spanish explorer, who was the first white man to see it, contains iron which, if marketed to-day, would bring more money than the entire sum represented by all of the gold and silver taken out of Mexico between 1603 and 1803, when the exploitation of Mexican mines was at its peak.

WHERE OUR TREASURED PAPERS ARE KEPT.

There are priceless documents belonging to the United States, as you know, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, etc., and at the present time there are many people who are urging that the Government build a fireproof hall in Washington to keep these records safe. This would be the best way to keep them intact for future generations to see, for they are on paper and could be destroyed by fire or dampness. There are many copies, of course, of our important documents, but there is something thrilling in actually seeing the writing of a famous deed, the very paper and ink that were used when a great record came into being. Older countries than ours have in many cases indestructible records—records in stone or marble—and it is due to these chiefly that we have learned

a great deal about the life of the world centuries ago. Certainly we wouldn't want our greatest deeds to sink into insignificance in the eyes of later peoples because our records were allowed to perish.

Where are these papers of ours kept? The Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are kept in a steel case in the State, War and Navy Building in Washington; Lincoln's Gettysburg address is in the Library of Congress; the Monroe Doctrine is in the Capitol Building at Washington; Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation is in the library of the State Department in Washington, along with all the treaties entered into by the United States.

How much safer these papers would be if they could be gathered together into one fireproof building! Not long ago a fire in Washington destroyed records in the Census Bureau that cannot be replaced, and the records of the State of West Virginia were lost in another fire, almost at the same time.

CHEWING TOBACCO LOWERS EFFICIENCY.

There are not many reliable studies on the influence of tobacco on the human organism, remarks the Journal of the American Medical Association in commenting on a study of the relative efficiency of users and non-users of tobacco in a strenuous physical occupation, made by J. P. Baumberger, Edna E. Perry and E. G. Martin for the Journal of Industrial Hygiene.

In this study "a number of men doing the same sort of work in a bottle-making factory were observed as to their speed of performance, and the results were compared with their habits in relation to tobacco. According to these figures the best work was done by the heavy smokers and those who do not smoke at all, while the men who chew are far below the average, although accompanied by the light smokers in amount of production.

"Such results are difficult of interpretation, and the only thing that seems very definite is the lower efficiency of a group of the men who prefer to chew their tobacco. If their inefficiency is to be attributed to the nicotine a ready explanation is to be found in the fact that in smoking most of the nicotine is either burned or exhaled with the smoke, while the chewer has opportunities for absorption both from swallowing saliva and from the mouth itself. We are probably accustomed to underestimate the amount of absorption that may take place in the mouth, but it may be considerable and rapid.

"Unfortunately for the interpretation of the results of their study the authors of the paper under consideration do not take into account the ages of their light and heavy smokers and chewers, or other factors that might be of great significance. Perhaps the heavy smokers surpassed the light smokers because they were a heartier lot of workmen, who took their pleasures and their labors on 'high'."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

EIGHTEEN-YEAR OLD BOY SWIMS ACROSS ZUYDER ZEE UNATTENDED

Roy Tracey, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Tracey of Valley street, Tarrytown, swam across the Zuyder Zee, the widest part of the Hudson river, Sept. 8, unattended. This is the first time such a feat has been performed. Tracey, who is only eighteen years old, swam the three and a half miles in two hours. On Sunday Miss Burke and Harold Williams swam across the river, but a rowboat followed them.

SHOE BANK IS ROBBED.

David Boles, Greenwich, Conn., proprietor of a cafe on Lewis street, sent a pair of shoes to a bootblack parlor to have them shined. They had \$2,000 in bills of large denominations in the toe of one of them. The shoes were returned, but the money was missing.

Ambrose Boles, a brother of David, was held up and robbed of a considerable sum of money some time ago, and it is said that Boles has since been afraid he might be held up in a similar manner, so he used the toe of his shoe as a bank.

The Stamford police have been assisting the Greenwich police in the search for the man who shined Boles's shoes, as he is believed to be a resident of Stamford.

TREE IS 200 YEARS OLD.

To mark the 200th anniversary of known data in connection with the "Witness Tree" of the Donegal Presbyterian Church of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, the American Forestry Association announces that the tree is given a place in Trees' Hall of Fame. The nomination is made by Martha Bladen Clark.

The Witness Tree Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has unveiled by the tree a monument and tablet. This tells how the congregation of the church gathered under the tree 144 years ago next month, when they heard Lord Howe was coming to invade Pennsylvania and "pledged loyalty to the cause of liberty."

CLIMB MT. RAINIER TO WED.

Braving a raging blizzard in their ascent, Miss Lenore Allaine of Auburn and Edwards J. J. Hamilton of Buckley, scaled Mount Rainier and were married on the summit at noon on Sept. 8.

A seventy-five-mile gale toyed with the skirts of the "bride of the mountains" as she solemnly said "I do" and "I will" in response to the questions of Rev. O. J. Stone, Tocomas's real "sky pilot."

Hans Fuhrer, Swiss guide, played the wedding march on his mouth organ as the party stood in a spot of sunlight on the peak.

Miss Allaine, Mr. Hamilton, the Rev. Mr. Stone, Miss Loretta Page, the bridesmaid, and Glenn Hamilton, brother of the bridegroom, who was best man, and Miss Alma Wagen, woman guide and maid of honor, formed the party that climbed the mountain for the ceremony.

PEOPLE WITH SIX FINGERS AND TOES.

When the people of this community read in a newspaper a few days ago that John Cope, who recently passed a test for policeman in New York, has six fingers upon each hand and six toes upon each foot, and that each of his children has seven fingers upon each hand and seven toes upon each foot, they were not at all astonished. Every member of more than a dozen families of the hilly section around Bandera, Tex., is each equipped with six fingers upon each hand and six toes upon each foot.

This remarkable freak of nature began to be manifested in the Bandera section more than fifty years ago, and it seems to have spread until it is no longer an uncommon thing with the people. The matter has been the subject of much discussion and investigation on the part of anthropologists. In all cases the extra fingers and toes are of normal size and development.

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A note on the subject explained that the air was so full of the dust that sailing was hazardous, owing to impaired visibility. This was on April 13, in latitude 37 deg. 25 min. N., longitude 122 deg. 50 min. E., a point in the Yellow Sea near Port Arthur on the peninsula now called Chosen, formerly Corea.

Investigation revealed that the same week there had been a violent continental cyclone or dust storm many miles to the north in Mongolia, on the border of Siberia. Corroboration of the fact that quantities of this dust sufficient to impede vessels could be blown as far south as the East China and Yellow Seas was valuable and interesting to scientific workers in this field all over the world.



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